SPECIAL:
Dogfest in California

35 CENTS
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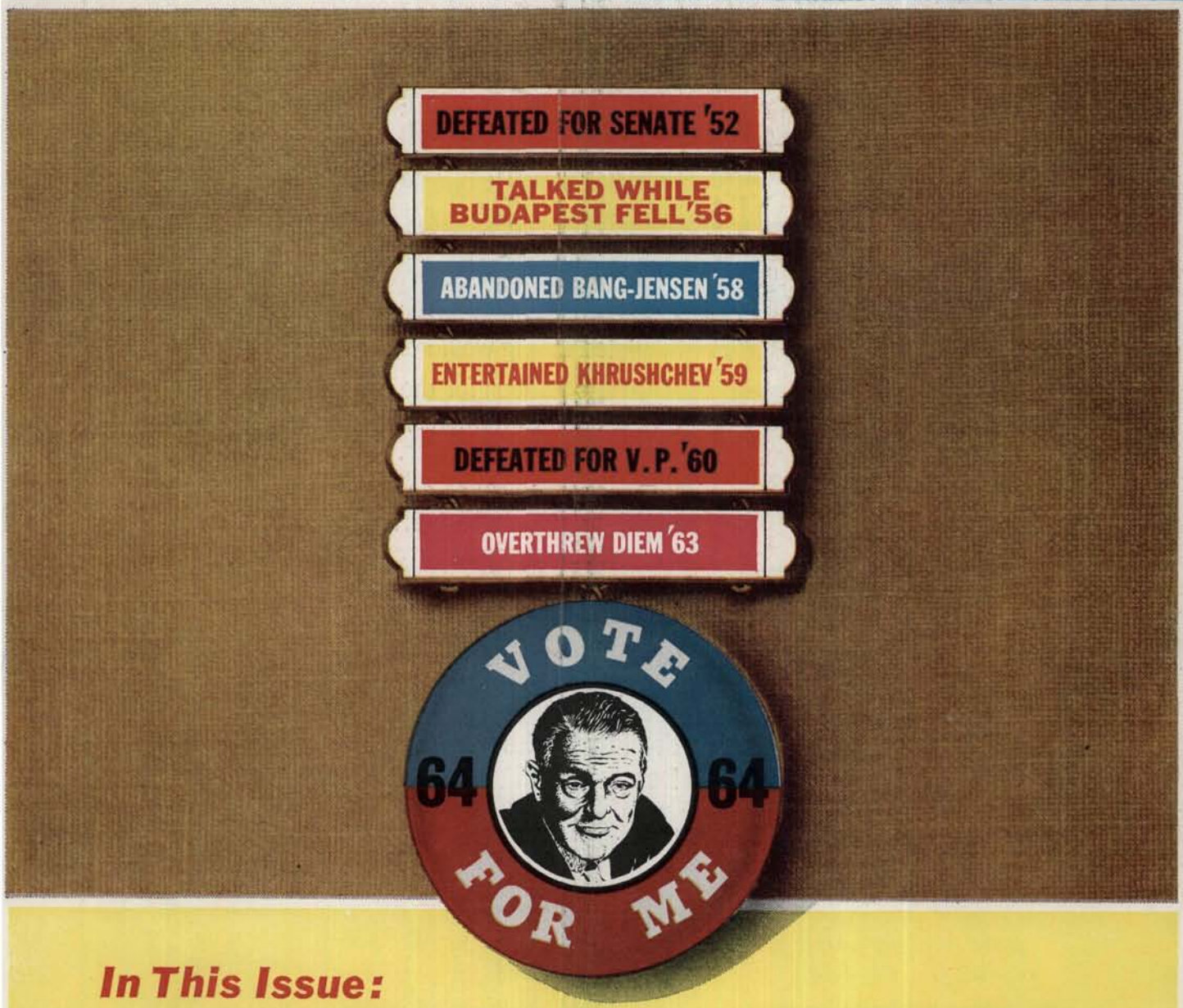
MAY 19, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion



In This Issue:

RALPH DE TOLEDANO ON HENRY CABOT LODGE: THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE ◆ HUGH KENNER ON THE NORWEGIAN SNOW GODS ✲ RUSSELL KIRK ON REP. BECKER'S PRAYER AMENDMENT

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Ralph de Toledano** does a good, workmanlike demolition job on Henry Cabot Lodge, whose candidacy for the Presidency is being hotly espoused by Dr. Gallup (see Kreuttner's unforgettable cartoon), and a number of Republicans from coast to coast who shrink from backing any candidate whose views are known. And there are others who would settle for a surprise, in preference to the stated views of Rockefeller or Goldwater. . . . Two refugees, one from Hungary (**Charles Fenyvesi**), the other from Cuba (**Jorge Tallet**), describe, in an open letter to Fidel Castro, how frighteningly easy it would be for him to change public opinion in this country. The dumb thing about Castro, they say in effect, is that he does not understand he can have his revolution *and* American support, if only just every now and then he would coo at the right people, or things.

➔ **Hugh Kenner**, who is now back from Europe having spent much of the winter working on a book on the Age of Ezra Pound, took time away from lecturing at Oslo to observe the great annual skiing bacchanalia, about which he writes a memorable column. . . . **James Burnham** examines the meaning of the statement of Prime Minister Tungku Abdul Rahman of Malaysia: "To hell with Sukarno." Rahman's recent electoral victory is of great consequence, not only for Indonesia, but for Red China. . . . **William Buckley,** having with irresistible logic demonstrated that Nelson Rockefeller is either a) insincere, or b) unpatriotic, succumbs to moderation, and suggests he is only half and half. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** discusses the tender subject of the Christian social sentimentalist, and gives, humanely and understandingly, some of the explanations of why so many amiable Christians behave, in social matters, like such unmitigated asses. . . . And **Russell Kirk** argues eloquently in favor of the proposed constitutional amendment on prayer in the public schools, which amendment is now being taken up by the House Judiciary Committee (see **Cato**).

➔ Professor **Vincent Miller,** of Wofford College in South Carolina, assesses the scholarly re-examination of Alexander Hamilton by Professor Clinton Rossiter, Aleksei Grigorievich Stakhanov Professor of Political Science at Cornell U. (This is the seventh book by Mr. Rossiter reviewed in *NR.*) Mr. Miller engages Mr. Rossiter's "idea clot" on the general question whether Hamilton was a Liberal or a conservative, and tells why he doesn't think the question can be posed in just that way. . . . **Guy Davenport,** professor of English at the University of Kentucky, reviews three novels, including the allegedly sublime most recent work of William Golding. . . . Fr. **Stanley Parry,** former head of the Department of Political Science at Notre Dame, calls attention to the new volume of Bertrand de Jouvenel, which he believes to be a political masterpiece. . . . And **Arlene Croce,** of *NR's* staff, reviews *America America,* with discernment, and qualified enthusiasm. ➔

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III. FACULTY SPEAKERS

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Mr. Serafino Romualdi, Executive Director of the American Institute for Free Labor Development

Charles Lowry, Ph.D., President of the Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order

G. Warren Nutter, Ph.D., Chairman of the Department of Economics, University of Virginia

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A brief list of upcoming Club Selections appears below. As you can see, some Selections will lean toward the heavy side while others will be fast, journalistic reporting. But light or heavy, the Club aims to make available just about every notable conservative book at a big saving; you take only those that appeal to you.

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Each month you receive the Club's Bulletin, which reports on the next Club Selection and brings you other interesting news. The Bulletin will also recommend other books of merit—all offered at discount.

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Suicide of the West, James Burnham's new book

Diplomat Among Warriors by Robert Murphy

Unpublished Writings of Whittaker Chambers (forthcoming)

Occasions and Protests, upcoming collection of John Dos Passos' political writings

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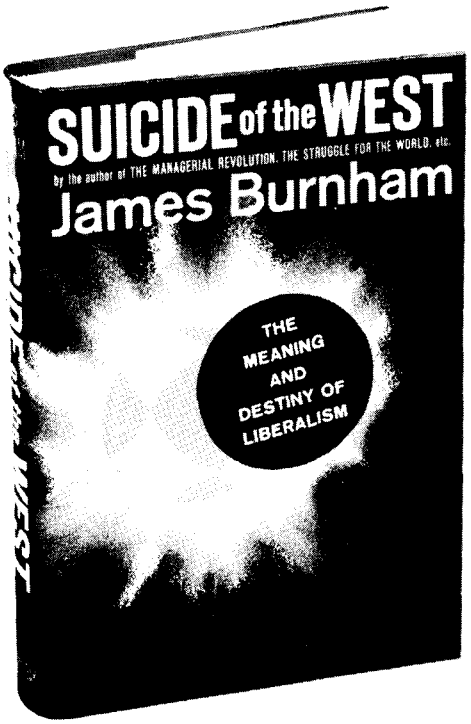
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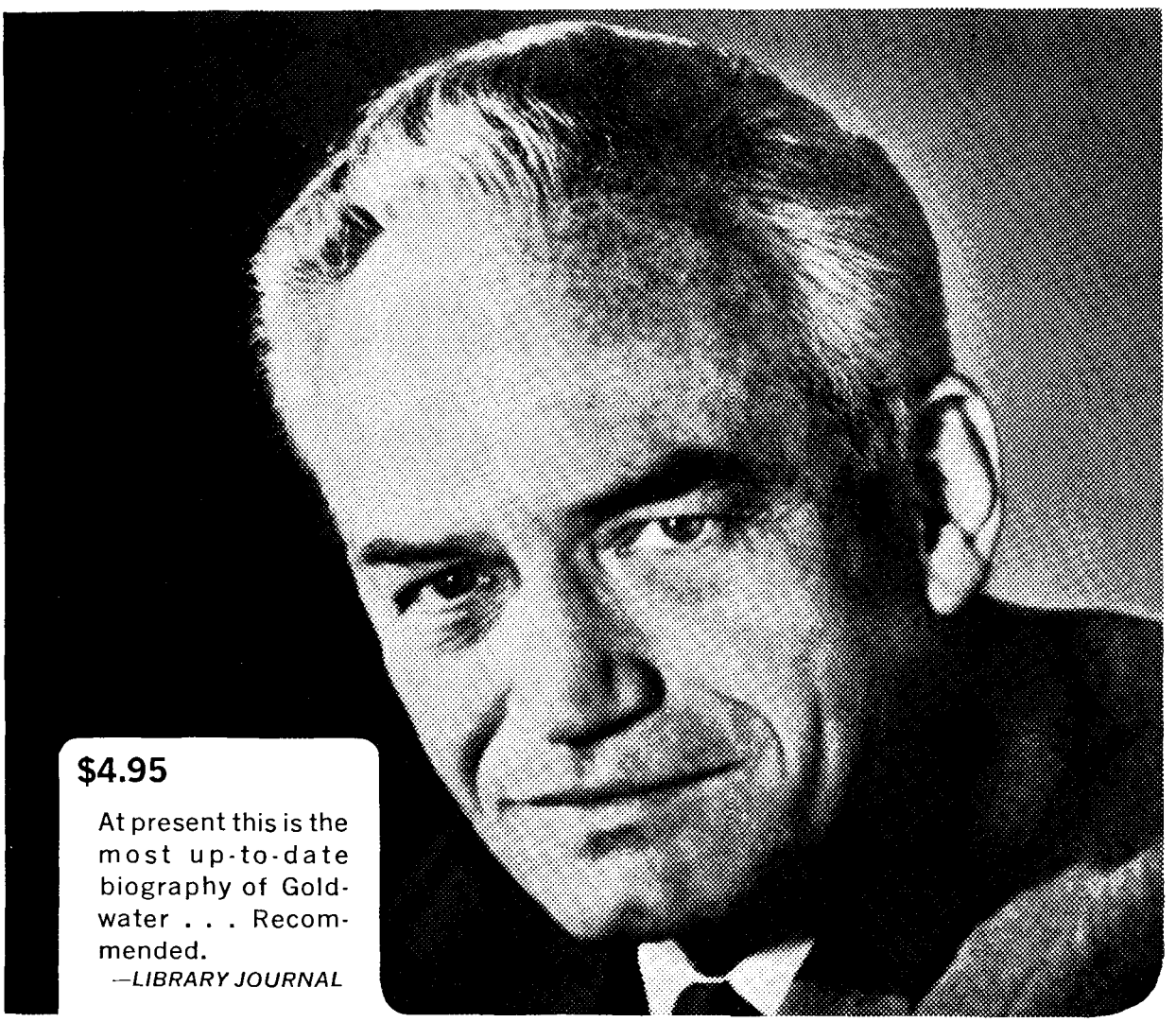

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The WEEK

● "Republican hopefuls were doing and saying the same things that they had been doing and saying for weeks. But there was *still* news in their activities—and the biggest of all was that Arizona's Barry Goldwater was running like the lower Gila River during a drought." (*Time*, Feb. 14.) "Suddenly, like a brush fire racing out of control, the word crackled among informed Republicans: Goldwater's almost got it." (*Time*, May 8.) Racing down that dry river bed, no doubt.

● Jock Whitney's *New York Herald Tribune*, a semi-official tout sheet for East Coast Liberal Republicanism, would like to support Rockefeller. But Rockefeller's prospects are dimming; so the *Trib* is looking a little further over thataway—to Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.), whose forthcoming book (an East Coast Manifesto) is getting enormous pre-pub coverage every day in the good old *Trib*. What the *Trib* may not know is that Jake Javits has said, privately, he'll renege on the GOP if Goldwater gets the nomination —and presumably bolt to the Democratic Party. So unless the *Trib* wants to go Lib-DemiRep, doesn't it look like the joke's on Jock, Jake?

● The *New York Times* has given front-page coverage to the anti-white terrorist activities of a 400-member gang in Harlem associated with Malcolm X (who broke with the Black Muslims because they weren't sufficiently fevered). Malcolm X is something of a protégé of Harlem's U.S. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who, as leader of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, has welcomed Malcolm X as preacher to his congregation. Powell, who a year ago called on Negroes to "invade the white man's heaven," and who deplores the "hate groups" in Dallas, Texas, has never repudiated the Black Muslims, or Malcolm X, or the armed racist terrorists in his own constituency —as has been pointed out by the distinguished Negro editor and lecturer, Mr. George S. Schuyler, who is the New York Conservative Party candidate to oppose Congressman Powell in the November election.

● Galbraith . . . Schlesinger . . . Sorensen . . . Salinger . . . Heller . . . Moscoso. One by one the men of the New Frontier are heading back to their home corrals, each of them with a favorite nostrum or two rolled up again in his saddlebag. With the resignation last week of Teodoro Moscoso, onetime head of the Alliance for Progress and more recently President Kennedy's representative on the Inter-American Committee of the Alliance, a quiet finis was written to that ambitious and ill-devised program. Mr. Moscoso's responsibilities will be handed over to Thomas Mann, President Johnson's top State Department Latin American aide under whose brisk direction we have, in three months' time, a) recognized Honduras and the Dominican Republic, b) resumed limited aid to Haiti, c) stood firm against Panamanian demands for renegotiation of the Canal Treaty, d) approved the ouster of the Communist-infiltrated Brazilian government of João Goulart, e) regained something like the political initiative in Latin America.

● Time flies, and so do witnesses. It's hard to believe that the Senate Rules Committee has been investigating Bobby Baker-ism since a month before the Kennedy assassination. Harder to believe that it'll have the effrontery to announce that it hasn't learned anything. Impossible to believe that the one-month extension of the investigation is necessary to write a report reporting zero. But it's easy, real easy to smile at the poor investigators who don't know how to go about tracking a spoor half again as wide as the Democratic Party, but equally don't know how to call off the tallyho without being accused of doing just that. Wonder what B. B. thinks of the senatorial privilege of unlimited debate?

● The quality of strain was apparent last week in the attitude of a New York State Supreme Court justice who forbore to sign yet another court order for the arrest of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. only because "you'd never find him." Powell owes $46,500 to a Harlem widow he publicly defamed more than a year ago, but the lady can't collect because Powell, outrunning process servers from Washington (he is a congressman) to Puerto Rico to Kuwait, won't pay and won't appear in court for an accounting. The exasperated judge was named Chimera, aptly enough for a man of vision in the topsy-turvy world (see above) of the Reverend Mr. Powell.

● As often in the past, the best public reply to an appeasement gambit was made by the firm-spined president of the AFL-CIO, George Meany. In a signed editorial published in the AFL-CIO monthly (*The Federationist*), Mr. Meany tore Senator Fulbright's "give up the myths" speech carefully to shreds, and proved by confrontation with the facts that the myths in the speech were exclusively those spun by the Senator. It was not an "inflexible" American "extremist" but Nikita Khrushchev who as recently as last January publicly assured Fidel Castro: "Com-

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munism is being constructed not only within the confines of the USSR; we are doing everything possible to make Communism victorious over the entire earth."

● Talking about the Pulitzer Prizes (see below), they are of course necessarily arbitrary, rather like the Miss America Contest—there are an awful lot of very beautiful girls around. But what on earth was the justification for naming David Halberstam of the *New York Times*, who filed reams of copy about the anti-Buddhist venalities of the Diem government, when there was available for the honor Miss Marguerite Higgins, whose zeal and ingenuity resulted in a series of columns utterly upsetting Mr. Halberstam's thesis: columns the burden of which was subsequently sustained by the unpublished findings of the UN Committee? The Pulitzer Committee is supposed to be a symbol of objectivity. It would certainly not, by its actions, have qualified for a Pulitzer Award.

● On May 30, 1963 Jaroslaw Stetzko, former Prime Minister of the Ukraine, wrote the United Nations Commission on Human Rights to protest the murders in West Germany, by Soviet assassins, of Dr. Lev Rebet, a prominent Ukrainian journalist and writer, and Stepan Bandera, leader of an anti-Soviet Ukrainian group. On June 30, 1963 he was officially advised that his letter had been received but that "your attention is drawn to paragraph 1 of the resolution in which it is stated that the Commission on Human Rights has no power to take any action in regard to any complaints concerning human rights." The letter was signed by G. N. Ceccatto, "Human Rights Officer, Division of Human Rights."

● Idleness is something *Glos Pracy* hates to see. Last week the Czech paper complained that a shortage of animals had led to idleness among workers in the Prague slaughterhouses and that a shortage of corpses had led to idleness among the Prague gravediggers. Comrade Khrushchev please don't take notice.

Mr. Eisenhower's Paper No. 5

After a number of months in the background, "the Cuban question" seems to be moving once more toward the front of the stage. France started shipping trucks and locomotives to Havana. The appeasers, led by Senator Fulbright, announced that the Castro regime is not at all "an intolerable danger" but only "a distasteful nuisance" with which we should deal "realistically" and "flexibly." Fidel Castro suddenly began denouncing the U-2 surveillance over-flights—which for years had been taking place daily without exciting public comment—and threatened to take action against them, *i.e.*, to shoot the planes down.

THE GOOD SHIP "U.S. WHEAT" USSR BOUND:
"Don't tell the voters until December but I may end up as ethyl alcohol, propellant fluids, liquid hydrogen, poisonous gases, TNT, or atomic bombs."

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Delegate tally. Since our last report, Goldwater's delegate strength has increased 50 per cent. He now has 263 committed first-ballot votes, against approximately 150 for all other candidates together. Goldwater has picked up delegates in the Northeast, where the GOP Establishment predicted he had little support. He took one-quarter of the New Jersey delegation without campaigning; and in Massachusetts, where Taft in 1952 got three delegates while Eisenhower won the popularity contest by 2½ to 1, Goldwater got five delegates while Lodge was winning the popularity contest by 8 to 1.

◆ The amazing vote (30 per cent) for Alabama's Gov. Wallace in the Indiana primary suggests that his showing in Wisconsin was no freak and that his showing in Maryland (May 19) will approach the spectacular. In district after district, in both Wisconsin and Indiana, voters in heavily Democratic and unionist precincts plumped for Wallace. In a choice between Goldwater and Johnson next November, many unionists may take the candidate who represents prudence and moderation in race questions. And that means that in tightly contested Northern big-city states, such as Illinois, Goldwater might produce some unusual results. In 1960, Richard Nixon lost Illinois by the margin of one cemetery. Teddy Kennedy did the anti-Wallace trick in Indiana; for Maryland, the White House has enlisted full-grown men, including ten members of Congress and mebbe ole Dog-Ear hisself. It's that scandalous!

◆ It's getting almost fashionable, now, to predict a first-ballot nomination for Goldwater. The calculations rest on two factors: the number of committed delegates Goldwater will win in the primaries by the end of this month, and the action of state conventions. Connecticut, for example, will select its delegates in convention some ten days after the California primary election. If Goldwater wins in California, then he'll be within six plums of the nomination. Connecticut Republicans would just as soon have the honor of tipping Goldwater over the top by sending a Goldwater delegation to San Francisco, especially since Connecticut's GOP, for the first time since 1940, seems unlikely to come to a unanimous agreement on the usual totem.

◆ The 11th Presidential Mock Convention of Washington & Lee University, an exercise that has had predictive value in the past, elected Goldwater on the second ballot —without California.

The President and other Washington spokesmen replied that the flights will continue and that adequate measures, *i.e.*, bombing of Cuban ground installations, will be carried out if the U-2s are interfered with. Khrushchev backed up Castro. Anonymous Pentagon and State Department sources started arguing through planted leaks whether the Soviet technicians had or had not taken their fancier missile equipment back with them to Russia. Last week Havana announced discovery of a large U.S.-sent cache of weapons and other guerrilla gear. Washington insisted these were left over from 1961. The European press began deploring the hardness of the Johnson-Mann policy on Latin America.

On May 1 Mr. Milton Eisenhower's "Critical Issues Council" added an unexpectedly sharp seasoning to the pot. This recently formed organization is one of those public committees, familiar in American practice, formed to get public attention for this or that cause or person. It consists of two dozen individuals prominent in the Dwight Eisenhower Administration, and includes many of the best: Admiral Arleigh Burke, Lewis Strauss, General Lauris Norstad, Clare Boothe Luce, Walter Judd, Elliott Bell, T. Keith Glennan, for example. Its first few public statements have been rather pale, but the May 1 "Paper No. 5—*Cuba: An Effective Policy*" is notable both for the quality of its historical and political analysis and for the cogency of its proposals. Among the latter:

1) The principal objective of the United States must be the ultimate removal of international Communism from Cuba.

2) The United States must make it clear that it is prepared as a last resort to use military force to remove Communism from Cuba.

3) The United States and the Free World should help to establish a Cuban government-in-exile and should give it necessary financial and military aid.

4) The policy of preventing Cuban patriots from raiding Cuba and harassing Castro should be discontinued.

5) If other Free World nations continue to put national interests above the common good in the fight against Communism, the United States should reassess its Cold War strategy and reallocate its power in ways that will most directly help achieve its highest priority goals.

It is difficult to judge whether anything substantial is moving behind this Cuban flurry. If it is, these proposals chart the right direction. We hope they will not be lost under the mountains of dead news releases. "Paper No. 5" presents a point of view on Cuba the same in essentials as that long held by NATIONAL REVIEW, as well as by Senator Goldwater, and most conservatives and hard anti-Communists generally. Senator Goldwater could do much to keep its proposals alive by endorsing and publicizing the contents of "Paper No. 5" as an effective statement of the policy on Cuba a Goldwater Administration would pursue.

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Compliments to the Court

By declining to review the decision of the Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit on a case originating in Gary, Indiana, the Supreme Court has in effect, to the surprise and disappointment of civil rights crusaders, upheld the narrow interpretation of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Contrary to the way in which it is often presented, the literal text of the *Brown* opinion does not hold that the states have a constitutional duty to bring about racial integration, but merely that it is unconstitutional for a state to enforce segregation. In Gary the schools are for the most part segregated in fact; but—it is conceded by all parties—this condition came about without any deliberate intention in drawing the school districts, through a gradual evolution of local residential patterns. Negro plaintiffs sued to demand a redistricting designed to bring about "racial balance." Their argument claimed it to be unconstitutional for the school board (an agency of the state government) to acquiesce in a situation of de facto segregation, no matter how brought about. The Court of Appeals upheld the lower court in denying their claim; and on May 4 the Supreme Court refused to grant certiorari. The Court's present action means that for the time being the ruling of the Court of Appeals will presumably serve as the prevailing interpretation of the law of the land.

This does not, of course, prohibit school boards or other public agencies from acting positively to promote integration. But it removes the issue from an artificial framework of supposed constitutional compulsion and judicial fiat, and may serve to slow down some of the hysterical local attempts to create school integration in one jump by abstract schemes for student-bussing, school-pairing and district-redrawing. By its restraint in this instance the Court has found good law and good sense.

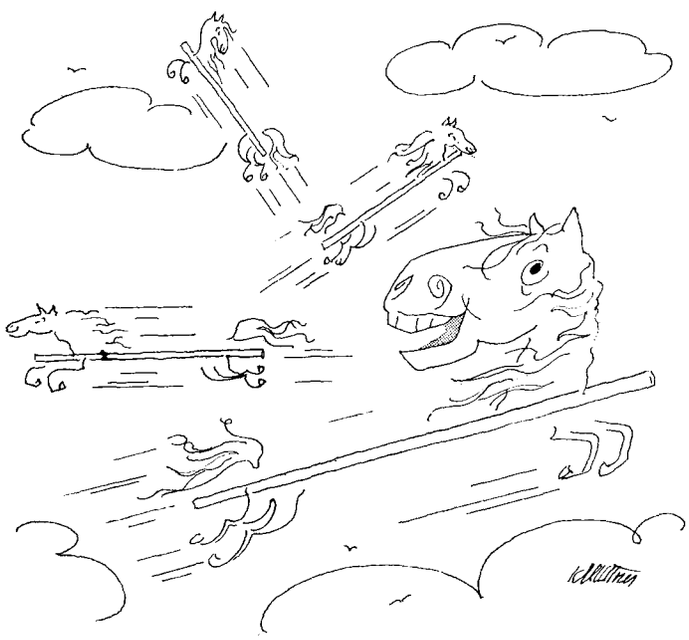
Amazon in Flood

The jackals are already howling as they circle Brazil's new government. The military leaders who intervened at the eleventh hour to prevent their country from collapsing into economic chaos and Communist subversion have been acting with loyalty, firmness, and prudence. They have preserved the spirit and form of Brazil's constitutional structure so far as possible under the conditions of crisis, and have endeavored to draw all but the rotted section of civilian leadership into collaboration. They sponsored the election of a President—General Humberto Castelo Branco—who combines with intelligence and experience a wide band of talents suited as much to civilian as to military tasks. They are moving quickly and clear-sightedly, on the fiscal, political, social and diplomatic fronts, to pull Latin America's first nation back from the shambles into which Goulart had led it, and to redirect its course toward sanity.

Castelo Branco and his associates are not by any means "extreme rightists," but they have committed the unpardonable crime: they have ousted a government of the Left. For this they must be punished, and throughout the world press the vengeful junta of Communists, socialists and Liberals is drawing up the terms of the indictment: militarism, reaction, dictatorship, stooges of the banks and landlords, puppets of Yankee imperialism, etc. etc. Within a week assorted professors (Herbert Marcuse of Brandeis, Barrington Moore Jr. and Martin H. Peretz of Harvard) were launching the standard defamations through the ever obliging letters column of the *New York Times*.

Our government has so far conducted itself remarkably well in relation to the Brazilian turn. If it had no active role in bringing about the fall of João Goulart—and NATIONAL REVIEW hopes it may have had in some degree—Washington was prompt

THE GALLUPING POLLS



"Here it is, straight from the Horse's Mouth! If, by the middle of May, Goldwater continues to slip as badly as he was reported slipping (somewhat erroneously, as it turned out) three months ago—but who wasn't, and fails as miserably to pick up needed support as it was jubilantly (although perhaps hastily) proclaimed three weeks ago—but who hadn't, it goes without saying that by the end of May (providing, of course, his consistently plunging prospects don't take some unlikely upward turn—but which mustn't) it can then be predicted with a great deal of certainty the exact time the obvious conclusion will become apparent—but which mightn't!"

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH:

A study in depth of how and why the Diem government had to be destroyed

by V. L. Borin

and unequivocal in supporting the new regime. But Washington's entrenched Left is unreconciled, and already rouses itself from this unaccustomed setback. Let us hope that President Johnson and Thomas Mann, his chief aide for Latin America, will not be intimidated. Surely they can find it possible to be at least as friendly to Castelo Branco as, say, to Nikita Khrushchev. No more would be required.

Pulitzer Day

Last week being the week the Pulitzer Committee gave out prizes (all day long we stood by nervously, expectantly), we commend a couple of headlines and a short news story to the attention of the community of journalists. Wherever you live, you may have noticed here and there the effort to slight Goldwater's political achievements, and inflate those of his rivals. Hand in hand is an effort to interpret the vote for George Wallace, as in Wisconsin and in Indiana, as a vote not merely against big government or against the civil rights bill, but as a vote on the issue of racism (which charge, if it were true, would suggest that racism is closing in on America).

The following is a racy selection all from Pulitzer Day, May 4. In the *Boston Herald,* commenting on a primary in which Goldwater beat Lodge nine-to-one (yes, 9-1):

1. TEXANS STUDY LODGE TALLY
GOLDWATER AIDES GRIMLY HOLD TO RUNAWAY WIN

2. An elucidation of the same story—republished in its entirety—from page one of the *New York Herald Tribune,* the italics in the original: "TEXAS TALLY. For the third time, the man who was not there —our Vietnamese Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge—scored a surprise finish in a Presidential GOP poll. *Lodge's latest triumph in absentia*: *Texas.* The victor was, as expected, Texas [sic] conservative Sen. Goldwater. *But Lodge of Massachusetts, who won the preference in New Hampshire and his home state, made an impressive showing for second.* Texas tally: Goldwater, 99,086; Lodge, 11,212; Rockefeller, 5,844; Nixon, 5,019; Stassen, 5,141; Margaret Chase Smith, 4,657.

3. Again from the *Herald Tribune*: headline:
INDIANA VOTES TODAY
ON WALLACE, RACISM

Dr. Heller Resigns

As rodents, when they rush along the ropes
Which tie a mighty liner to the shores
(Responding to their ratty horoscopes)
Wave *bon voyage* among the stevedores;
Or, as the winding-sheeted living dead,
While desperately signifying NO!,
Receive a casual reprieve, instead,
Administered by Edgar Allan Poe;
So I, on reading in the lurid *News*
About the doctor's heralded farewell
Did chortle and disport myself with booze
To celebrate this shift in personnel.
Dear coz, the day is surely waxing fair . . .
I'm washing Dr. Heller from my hair!

W. H. VON DREELE

The Hall of Free Enterprise

Thanks primarily to the zeal and organizing ability of Mr. Fred Clark, President of the American Economic Foundation, there actually stands in the middle of the World's Fairgrounds a testimonial to the system that made possible the surrounding opulence. Last week the Hall of Free Enterprise was formally opened, with great ceremony, speech by Hizzonor and all, and it is hoped that in the course of the next two years millions of visitors to the Fair will venture beyond the exhibit's Doric columns to see, and hopefully to ponder, the many and ingenious graphic demonstrations that show the indispensable role that economic freedom plays in generating wealth and—freedom.

The exhibit is so attractively arranged that it will draw curiosity-seekers who have no conscious interest in economics, and is bound to impress a great many of them.

The opening ceremonies were not without the mishaps, natural and ironic, that go, after all, with free enterprise. There was to begin with a torch-runner from the U.S. Olympic team, scheduled to sprint in from the Statue of Liberty to light the exhibit's torch, who got waylaid by the exigencies of city life, and finally arrived by Coast Guard cutter in a business suit, the torch in a handbag. Just as the guest of honor, John Davis Lodge, reached the peroration in his truly superb address, the entire fairgrounds exploded into a ragtime march, advertising Pepsi-Cola, or civil rights, or something. And the audience dutifully listened to yet another speaker extolling free enterprise, Mr. David MacDonald no less, boss-man of the closed-shop monopoly United Steelworkers of America, who, one hopes, will in the course of the summer stop at the exhibit, ponder its meaning, and disband his cartel.

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But hearken. Said Mr. MacDonald: "I only regret, as I think back on it, that organized labor didn't have an exhibit of its own." There are very few men in America who steal the propaganda march on organized labor, and especial credit under the circumstances is due to Mr. Fred Clark, and Mr. Charles Payson, and the other brave and dedicated men and women who thought to pay enlightening tribute to an institution we honor.

Howard Buffett, RIP

Mr. Buffett served in Congress several terms, specifically in the 78-80th Congresses, and again in the 82nd. He had been a journalist, then a businessman in Omaha, Nebraska, and he piled up an unbroken record of enlightened conservative resistance to statism at home, and appeasement abroad. He retired from Congress not because his constituency tired of him, but because he did not like the parasitic air in Washington, and despaired of Congress's issuing the kind of protest he thought necessary against the accumulation of power in the Executive. But he was active in community affairs on his return to Omaha, and wrote effective polemics (one of them for NATIONAL REVIEW) against the socializers. He was a man of gentle manners and quiet ways, and will be greatly missed by his friends. He died knowing that he had requited his debt to his country.

Notes and Asides

Robert Dwyer, whose controversial article "I *Know* About the Negroes and the Poor" ran in NATIONAL REVIEW Dec. 17, 1963, has been elected Alderman in the 4th Ward of the City of Milwaukee. Mr. Dwyer writes that the issue in the election was his *NR* piece and that "the voters, most of them poor, voted for the man who said, 'Help the Poor by helping them to help themselves.' "

It all began on Jack Paar's television program over two years ago, and now it threatens to decide the close and exciting primary contest for the Republican congressman in Maryland's 6th District on May 19. Hang on to your hats and concentrate closely on the cast of characters, who are, in order of their appearance: 1. Jack Paar. 2. WFB. 3. The candidates for the Republican congressional nomination: a) Harry Simms—Maryland's Harold Stassen, who is always running for something, on whatever platform this season's winds waft in; b) Brent Bozell—the principal challenger, a conservative Republican, lawyer, writer, former aide to Senator McCarthy and Senator Goldwater, former senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine; and c) Charles Mathias —the ultra-Liberal incumbent who represents Maryland's 6th District and votes, most of the time, with the Democrats.

On the Jack Paar Show in question, WFB mentioned in passing that five former Communists worked, or had worked, for NATIONAL REVIEW—an innocent enough statement, easily explainable inasmuch as former Communists tend to gravitate to journals and movements that are uncompromisingly anti-Communist; no more startling than the high concentration of former sinners who contributed to the writing of the Bible. Jack Paar made a lot of it at the time but in due course, like most things Jack Paar makes a lot of, it was forgotten.

Until, two years later, when Harry Simms began going around the State of Maryland suggesting—but let us quote directly from the first such occasion, when he found himself sharing the platform with Messrs. Bozell and Mathias, and began to speak: "I [have uncovered] a document that revealed that Mr. Buckley . . . stated that there are five ex card-carrying Communists on the payroll or on the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW . . . I think that it is extremely unusual that this one publication would have five ex card-carrying Communists on the payroll, and I feel it is an old Communist scheme to denounce Communism strongly and possibly attract—and I feel that Mr. Bozell should state his position clearly. I'm *certainly* not accusing Mr. Bozell of any Communist affiliation—I have no documentation on *that.* The only thing I *am* stating clearly here is that I felt that Mr. Bozell *should* state whether or not this is true . . ."

Bozell was appalled by the audacity of the smear —after all, to suggest that he is actually, or might conceivably be, a Communist in disguise, is rather like suggesting that Mao Tse-tung is actually a capitalist in disguise. Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, he turned to Congressman Mathias: "Maybe Mr. Mathias, you would want to dissociate yourself from this slander?" To which Maryland's flaming sword of Liberalism responded: "Well, I have no *knowledge* whatever. I have not heard anything of it from *anybody* at *any* time . . . *Look,* Brent, I don't have any *facts* about it . . . I know *nothing* whatever about it."

It may seem incredible, but this incident, the ensuing cultivation of the same line by Mr. Simms, and the studied refusal of Mr. Mathias to denounce the tactic, has got whole acres of people in Maryland buzz-buzzing on the theme: Do you suppose Bozell is *really* a Communist in disguise? After all, he worked for the Communist NATIONAL REVIEW. Dozens of people call the Bozell headquarters every day, and announce their determination not to vote for "the Communist candidate."

The Big Lie technique didn't get buried in the

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bomb shelter, alongside Hitler. Gore Vidal once confided to Jack Paar that "there's a whole theory that the Birch Society might very well be a Communist Society." Although he was presumably pulling Jack's leg, there are unquestionably any number of people in whose darkest thoughts the suspicion lurks that maybe the John Birch Society *is* actually a Communist operation. It gets confusing, doesn't it? General Eisenhower, Robert Welch has said, is a Communist. Kennedy, suggested Professor Oliver, was a Communist. It only remains to be charged that God is really a Communist, which allegation has the advantage of accounting for the strange behavior of the world in recent times.

On the Right

Slugfest in California

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Governor Rockefeller's strategy in California is to persuade Republicans that a vote for Goldwater is a vote for a) an internal collapse, and b) international chaos. That is the burden of his recent statements, in which, to use his own words exactly, he indicts Goldwater for "irresponsibility and extremism on foreign policy," and recklessness with respect to "the vital issues affecting our security and the security and well-being of the free world."

Buckley

Let us force ourselves to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller is being sincere, *i.e.*, that he seriously believes the things he says about what would happen to us if Senator Barry Goldwater were nominated, let alone elected.

If Rockefeller is sincere, then the call of duty is very plain indeed: it is to quit his own campaign for the Presidential nomination — instantly, dramatically, decisively — and pool his strength with a coalition of anti-Goldwater Republicans. Let him announce his withdrawal from the race and devote his energies to getting, let us say, Henry Cabot Lodge nominated. All observers of the heated Republican contest are agreed on a single proposition, namely, that what is currently preventing the consolidation of anti-Goldwater forces is very simply: the well-financed obstinacy of Nelson Rockefeller. The public's reaction to Mr. Rockefeller is embarrassingly plain; he is well on his way to Stassenization: *i.e.*, he has become half ridiculous. (He would have become totally ridiculous except that no man with a couple of hundred million dollars to deploy is ever totally ridiculous.)

If Rockefeller has any eye at all for political reality, then he must recognize that his own cause is utterly forlorn—the Republican Convention would as soon nominate Tommy Manville as nominate Rockefeller, so that he cannot in any serious sense be working for his own nomination. If he does not understand political reality sufficiently to understand a fact as obtrusive as this one, then he clearly does not understand political reality sufficiently to say anything at all relevant about Goldwater's alleged disqualifications. So that every day that goes by in which he expatiates on the horror that would ensue upon the nomination of Senator Goldwater is a day in which, by staying in the race, he contributes to Goldwater's strength. He does this by making it impossible for Goldwater's opponents to line up behind an acceptable opposition candidate, say, Lodge, or Nixon, or Scranton or, to quote M. Stanton Evans of the *Indianapolis News,* "any warm body, whose name is not Barry Goldwater." The dilemma, finally distilled, is this: Rockefeller is either insincere, or unpatriotic.

His failure to get out of the way suggests the obvious psychological difficulty, namely, that the Governor of New York is in the clutch of a roaring, housewrecking, party-smashing egomania; that he is trying to convince the voters that Goldwater is a looming national catastrophe not because he really believes that is what he is—in which event he would take the patriotic and self-sacrificing step to get out of the way of a Stop-Goldwater movement—but because he simply desires to hurt Goldwater in order to help himself. What Rockefeller is doing is merely an aggravated extension of the kind of thing he tried to do to Nixon in 1960, when he tried first to take the nomination away from him and, failing that, went on to degrade Nixon by forcing him to make a number of humiliating concessions on the eve of the Republican Convention — concessions which, considering the closeness of Nixon's defeat by Mr. Kennedy, were probably sufficient to cost the Republican Party the victory in 1960.

What Rockefeller wants, the objective facts would seem to indicate, is to rule or ruin. He simply cannot stand the thought of any Republican other than himself achieving the Republican nomination or, later, the Presidency. He is right now engaged in doing everything he can—not to keep Goldwater from getting the nomination (if he wanted that, he'd pull out of the race), but to distort Goldwater's views and frighten the public sufficiently to keep him from winning, in the event that he is nominated. The act becomes truly insufferable when, after his lengthy apocalyptic excoriation of Goldwater, he caps his tirade with the political punctilio of a reg'lar feller: "Whoever is nominated," he says limply, performing his formal obeisance to the Party, "all Republicans should get behind that candidate and see that he gets elected."

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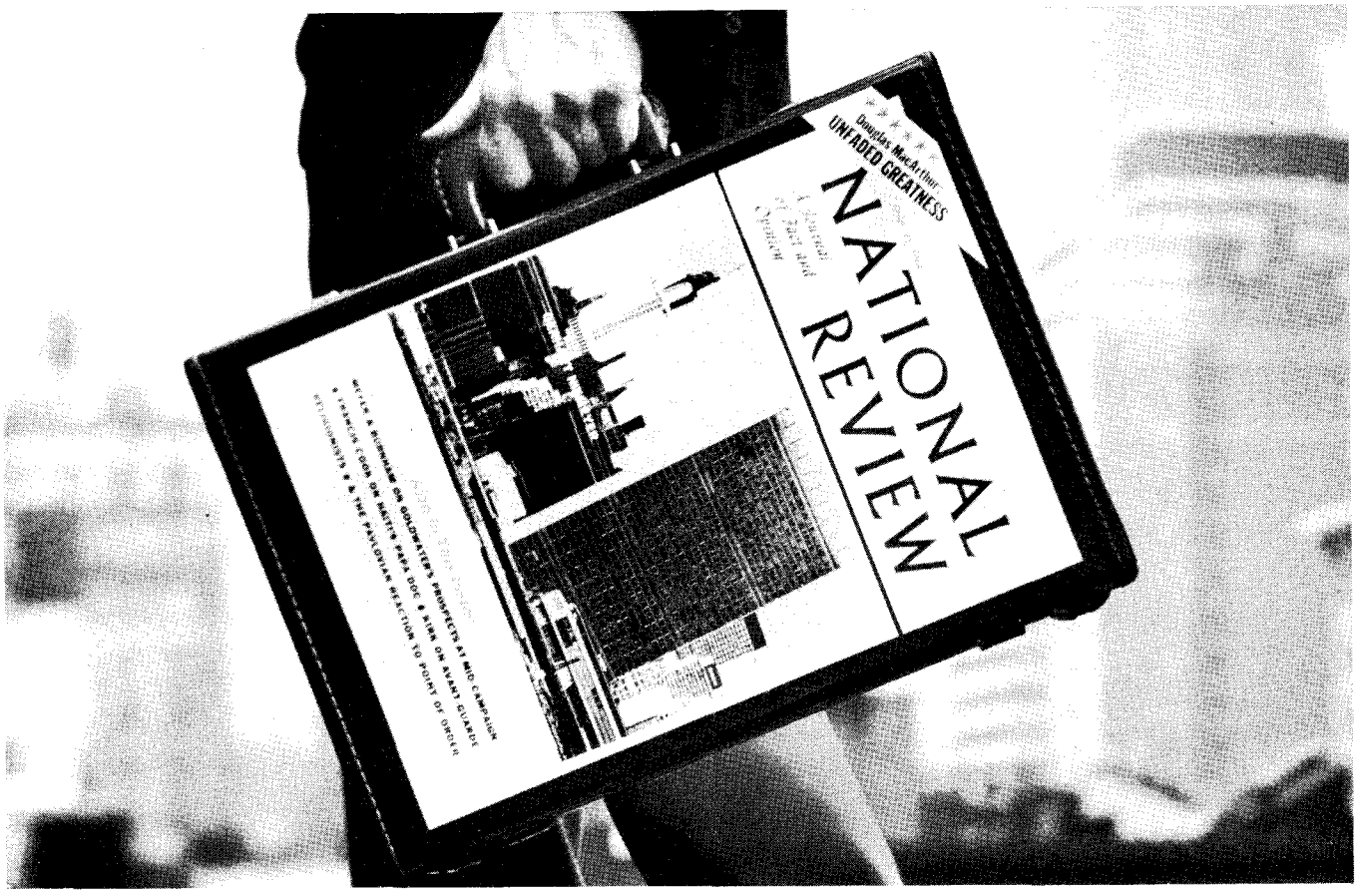

The new National Review is going places

We've been getting around a lot more lately, and enjoying it;
It's nice to know people like our new style, inside and out!
Now, how about helping us make the next lap the biggest ever?

How many times have you heard the claim that some product or other is "bigger and better than ever"?

Well, ours really is.

For instance, we're selling more copies on the newsstands than ever before. Not only that, but our mailman (bless him — and *you*) brings us more fan mail than ever too — and not a few compliment us on our eye-catching new cover designs, which probably account for the newsstand increase.*

We also have 14% more subscribers than a year ago at this time, and more people than ever before are renewing the very first time we ask them (a tribute, no doubt, to our bigger and better articles, and all the behind-the-scenes election news we've been running; who wants to miss an issue nowadays?)

WHAT IS GOING ON?

But we can't take all the credit — not by any means. Our *readers* deserve the lion's share. This election year — with interest in conservatism at a never-before peak — thousands of you have taken advantage of this golden opportunity to introduce some friend to *National Review*. We bet they love you for it (*we* certainly do).

So we hope you — if you haven't done so yet — will use the card facing this page to introduce your friends to *National Review*. Give it to them with your recommendation — or use it to send an election-year gift subscription. (If someone beat you to the card, just drop us a line, asking for our special election-year rate: 20 issues for just $6.89.) Needless to say, if *you* are not yet a subscriber, by all means take this opportunity yourself. There are important campaign issues coming up that you will not want to miss. Do it today.

*** Not long ago we chanced upon a perfect example: a well-dressed young man snapped up his Times at the corner newsstand and started off. He took just about three steps, stopped cold, about-faced and came back. We were just passing by, and the emphatic gesture made us pause to see what had caught his eye. It was National Review. He stood, engrossed. We stopped, entbralled. He flipped through a few pages, took another look at the cover, and bought it. He set off again briskly, looking rather pleased with himself. We were delighted, and shook hands with ourselves. May his tribe increase!**

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Come Off It, John Bailey

► Republicans on the Hill and elsewhere are grumbling about the Democratic National Committee's efforts to raise "several million dollars" on this year's convention program. The Resentful Republican noises may be more than partisan envy. It may be a matter of law.

Whereas programs have previously been available only to convention delegates and registered officials, Democratic Chairman John Bailey has announced that "several hundred thousand copies will be offered for distribution at $10 a copy by state central committees, Democratic women's groups and Young Democrat Clubs." The program is to be dedicated to the memory of the late John F. Kennedy and may gross as much as $6.5 million, says Bailey.

The Democrats contemplated a similar maneuver in 1940. At that time, the Attorney General—later Supreme Court Justice—Robert Jackson warned his own party that the Justice Department would consider program promotion outside the convention as a violation of the Federal Criminal Code. Jackson cited the comment of the late Sen. Hatch on the proposed fund-raising gambit: "Whether the Democratic National Committee, state committees or local organizations sell the book, it is encouraging violations of the law. I don't think my party's committee wants to encourage violations which can lead to penalties of $5,000 fines. The only thing to do now is to discontinue the book and obey the law."

Section 608 (b) Title 18 of the United States Criminal Code is unequivocal: "Whoever purchases . . . any goods or commodities, advertising or articles of any kind . . . the proceeds of which . . . inures to the benefit of . . . any candidate for an elective Federal office including the office(s) of President of the United States . . . or the success of any national political party, shall be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both."

Republicans are still waiting to hear from the present Attorney General.

What Prayer?

► Hearings on the proposed constitutional amendments to guarantee the right to pray in public schools—most of which are identical to H. J. Res. 693, the Becker amendment—began April 22. Emmanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), long-time patriarch of the House Judiciary Committee, displayed his customary flair for publicity: the hearings opened on the first day of the World's Fair.

The first week was a joke, a bad one. Celler found a few congressmen to testify against the prayer amendment. They went first, while the reporters were on hand. Celler found their testimony to be, variously, "fresh air," "clean air," and "spring air." Then clerical Liberals, also opposed to the amendment. When the pros came up to bat Celler showed particular verve by scheduling Alabama Gov. George Wallace and Bishop Fulton Sheen on the same day. With the desired results: refracted impact in the press.

The Liberal bloc continues to berate Rep. Frank Becker (R., N.Y.) for his efforts to collect signatures on the discharge petition which would have brought the prayer bill to the floor of the House for discussion, debate and vote. The Liberals advocate, they say, a more cautious approach to legislative problems, and warn against precipitous action. Becker agrees that any proposal to amend the Constitution deserves a comprehensive legislative review. He points out, however, that without the public and congressional support generated for and by his petition, the prayer amendment would not have gotten a hearing. Proposed prayer amendments had been in the Judiciary Committee for almost a year before Becker made his move. The Liberals who where opposed to the discharge petition on procedural grounds, incidentally, are in most cases those who were in favor of the discharge petition to force the civil rights bill out of committee.

The stop-the-prayer-amendment campaign is not running as planned since a number of committee members have found it difficult publicly to oppose prayer in primary season.

Multilateral Force

► From all indications LBJ and Secretary of Defense McNamara are proceeding full speed ahead with detailed plans for the implementation of, in Pentagon jargon, the Multilateral Force. This force will comprise approximately 25 surface vessels, armed with 200 Polaris missiles, manned by mixed crews and controlled by the NATO High Command. Release of any weapon would require the explicit approval of the U.S. The initial cost of $2.3 billion, and annual operating costs of approximately $150 million, would be apportioned to NATO member nations.

One indication that MF lies in our near future is that Pentagon handouts are now reminding reporters that there are, indeed, precedents for this scheme. Mixed crews are traditional on merchant ships; mixed crews were used, with marked success, on British vessels during the war, etc.

The scheme needs much work. It is already a highly controversial political question. Legally, it faces a long haul. The response of other countries to our proposal is doubtful. Certainly France will object. But should the response warrant it, an international commission would have to draw a charter and submit it to the participating countries for approval. Only then would the Congress get a chance to pass on it, for the United States could not subscribe to the international charter without congressional consent. Should the Congress also approve the scheme, it would undoubtedly have to rewrite much of its own legislation governing security and atomic energy matters, for the present laws are designed specifically to block the dissemination of information deemed vital to the national interest. **—CATO**

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The Next Step in Cuba:

A Letter to an Island in Castro's Mind

JORGE TALLET
CHARLES T. FENYVESI

Jorge Tallet, b. 1928 in Havana, Cuba. Ph.D., Havana University. Author of two books on philosophy, and numerous essays and articles published in the U.S. and Latin America. Left Cuba under Batista, returned to be head of the Cultural Department of the Cuban Foreign Ministry, under Castro, but soon resigned in disagreement and went into voluntary exile in the U. S. Presently a staff writer and Associate Latin American editor for a news agency in N.Y., and lecturer at N.Y. University.

Charles T. Fenyvesi, b. 1937 in Hungary. Came to U.S. after Budapest uprising 1956. B.A. (cum laude), Harvard University; M.A., University of Madras. Author of articles published in U.S., Canada, India, Burma, Latin America and others. Presently Assistant Editor of the Foreign News Service, N.Y.

Dear Fidel:

We are political scientists, with what might be described as a peculiarly empirical orientation, and we have designed an exercise for you from which you could vastly benefit. Our special field of interest lies in large-scale social experimentation, and we thought that we might be able to satisfy our scholarly curiosity if you found our ideas convenient.

We have made a thorough study of various Communist regimes, and we are at the point of setting up a scientific model of their behavior. If you accept our suggestion based on observations of other Communist governments, you will complete an important part in this ambitious experiment of ours.

Our gain would be purely scientific, since we are unconcerned with any ideology. Yours would be of a practical order.

For once, your friends and enemies agree that your economy is in no great shape. We are told that you are getting Russian aid worth $1,000,000 a day. But rubles, unfortunately, just don't buy enough. You need some better currency, and we have an idea how you might get it.

The thing is, Fidel, that it is not enough to be a Marxist-Leninist. Doctrines are all right, and adherence to them gives perhaps a measure of comfort—but they are not all. You need more than that: money and better publicity. And you can get them both directly from the factory, so to speak: the West. All you need to do is to go through a few motions.

What we have in mind for you is to initiate a series of events in Cuba,

which journalists could readily identify as a "thaw," and what may seem like one of those gradual movements towards "liberalization," which other Communist countries are in the habit of doing from time to time.

So far, you have shown yourself capable of transplanting the temperature of a Slavic winter to your tropical island—an epic feat in itself—but perhaps you are not aware of the possibilities open to you if you allow the process to reverse *un poquito*. Your advisers—those trusty Poles and tricky Serbo-Croatians—must have suggested this already, but maybe you have not been in the mood for it. You may think such a move untimely, or that it may not be worthwhile—but this is not the case.

Influential moderates in the United States as well as thoughtful conservatives in Britain would welcome such an orderly change. You see, Fidel, these sensitive people abhor violence, even if directed against you, or others like you. (Consider, for instance, their reactions to those exiles' raids.) Besides, they wish so much to *understand* you, to find out what has turned you into what you are now. And if you do something which is not undesirable from their point of view, their reaction will be quick and generous.

This is what you do: release a few relatively harmless political prisoners—we suggest an eccentric old professor, a voluble barber, an attractive woman of indefinite reputation whom you may not even know why you put in jail in the first place. Be sure these people have relatives abroad and, preferably, large families.

Then instruct some of your diplomats to act enigmatically human, and attend a few dinner parties in full evening dress. Have them smile at times, and make them whisper over their third martini that "some kind of a switch might just be in the air in Havana." You can count on the word getting around.

And why don't you pick an archbishop, or even a bishop, and have a friendly chat with him? You may even throw a hint that some of the land they used to exploit for centuries could be given back to them. Get your mind off those *campesinos* a little.

Then there is the medium which both you and the American people love, and prefer to any other: tele-

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vision. In one of your speeches, could you make a slighting remark about say, socialist agriculture? Or, you might casually drop some of your favorite invectives when referring to the United States. You can be sure that the change of tone will be noticed in Washington.

The benefits are obvious. All parties involved would approve. But we know that your main interest is what you may get out of all this. Well, you will not be able to secure the most-favored-nation treatment from the United States right away. But you must not be impatient with the *yanquis*.

At first, Washington will maintain official silence. President Johnson will be, naturally, "concerned with the situation in Cuba," and will "watch for signs of a meaningful change." Secretary of State Dean Rusk will think a "wait-and-see attitude" best. Britain will stand firmly behind the United States.

Then somebody in the U.S. Congress, possibly Senator Fulbright, will inevitably ask for a reassessment of the Administration's Cuba policy. He will speak of "regaining initiative," and will call for "greater flexibility." Perhaps, boldly, he will hint of "normalizing relations."

The typewriters of columnists all over the United States will start rattling.

Performing Pundits

Walter Lippmann will "sense the makings of another Tito" in you. (But you, *como cañón*, will always be Castro.) He will urge "receptivity to the dormant Liberal behind the façade of a grim anti-Yankee."

Joseph Alsop of the *New York Herald Tribune* will warn "not to over-estimate the significance" of your moves. "It would be a grave error for the free world," he will add, "to be lulled into a state of complicity with the Communist regime in Havana." But it is likely to be a wilderness which will receive this cry.

Max Lerner of the *New York Post* will see that he was right about you in the first place. He will devote the rest of his column to the historical role of the Liberal-democratic tradition in Latin America, as opposed to the horde of reactionary dictators

Two Senators from New York

We're all for total freedom
For folks in Birmingham.
When strikers struck Atlanta,
We sent a telegram.
The wade-in in St. Louis
Was positively great!
We go for integration;
We're firmly anti-hate.
We feel Prince Edward County
Creates a shameful stain;
We're frightfully attracted
To SNCC and CORE and SANE.
To any fair observer
We're Liberal, true-blue.
We'd like the uncommitted
To paddle our canoe.
However, there's a limit:
We can become irate.
A stall-in is an insult
To our progressive State!

W. H. VON DREELE

"the U.S. mistakenly supported for so long." He will conclude by asking whether you would think of joining the *Alianza para el Progreso* "at some later date."

And you will make your discoverer Herbert Matthews, of the *New York Times*, ever so happy that you did not fail him, after all.

Money would start pouring in soon, once your symptoms of liberalization are identified, recorded and acknowledged. Remember, only a few key symptoms are necessary for a diagnosis. Fortunately, there are enough people willing to see you develop the very conditions we have suggested, and they are ready to see what they want to see. After a while the illusion of liberalization you created will become something of a reality—as it always happens when the deluded ones are important—without any sacrifice on your part.

The initial form of U.S. assistance will be in agricultural surpluses. Then comes the sugar quota. You will not be able immediately to get the same quota as Cuba had before your friendship with Moscow. But after a few adjustments in foreign trade, and some work on your part to improve production rates, you will be all set.

Next, you can count on big American foundations to start paying attention to problems of underdevelopment in your island. Their interest in things like chicken breeding and shrimp farming you may even find amusing.

You will have to introduce, we fear, a few changes in your political life. The only cumbersome job you will have to face is to codify your present institutions in a nice new constitution. This will make things look respectable, and many of your enemies today are bound to accept the status quo when it is clothed in proper legal garb.

This could be the culmination of your liberalization movement. Broken diplomatic relations will soon be repaired, and your island will emerge as a radically new kind of society: half-developed, half-underdeveloped, half-hemispheric, half-nationalistic, half-Western, half-Eastern, half-Communist, half-neutral—and accepted by all.

We are sure you will welcome such a development. If you feel uncertain of the results, just take a look at Tito and Gomulka: how profitably, in terms of Western aid, their campaigns of liberalization have turned out.

There is a final detail in our scientific model which will, we trust, eliminate whatever reservations you may still have. The crucial point is that you don't really have to become a Liberal. Except for the few items we mentioned, you can go on doing the same thing you have been doing all along.

And here lies the philosophical core of our experiment: liberalization in a Communist regime follows a subtle geometrical pattern, called the asymptote—a curve which constantly approaches the line representing zero but never quite reaches it, save in some hypothetical realm of infinity.

We don't think that your Russian friends would mind your moves. They know, and they will understand. And if things, by some remote chance, do get out of hand, you can always count on the Chinese.

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Lodge: The Little Man Who Wasn't There

The boom for Mr. Lodge, the author concludes after reviewing his political, legislative and diplomatic record, is one more example of Republican masochism

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican ball-carrier for the Democratic Party, has been called the GOP's answer to Soapy Williams, the Grand Old Party-pooper, and the little man who wasn't there. He is all of these things—and much more. For it would be both unfair and unkind not to note that he is today the wonder-boy of American politics.

Both wonder and wonderment have begun to follow him. In Medford, Oregon, the editors of the *Mail Tribune* recently scratched their heads and asked plaintively: "Why should any Republican be attracted to a man who has lost elections, who is a lousy campaigner, who would be the oldest President to be inaugurated since James Buchanan, who is a member of the present Administration, whose views on the issues of the day are completely unknown, and who's 6,000 miles away doing a lousy job of running a nasty little war?"

Echo answers variously. The best guess yet is: "Republican masochism. It would be too much to believe that, in a state which once dumped Harold Stassen for Thomas E. Dewey after a debate in which Mr. Dewey took the soft side of the argument on outlawing the Communist Party, Ambassador Lodge is highly regarded because of his presumed toughness to the Soviets at the United Nations. But whatever the cause of the Lodge rash, even if it is only the latent Tom Sawyerism of the American voter, it is something which must be examined by the politicians as they move towards the important business of the San Francisco convention.

What manner of man is Mr. Lodge? Two stories are told about him. In one, a veteran Republican campaigner says in anguish: "Not only did he insist on a nap every afternoon when he was running for Vice President with Dick Nixon, but he had to climb into his pajamas to get it." In the second, an irate newspaperman sputters: "If he calls me 'my good man' once more, so help me, I'll stuff this notebook down his throat."

Both stories are true. They do not promise a happy campaign for the Republican Party if, by some zany quirk of fate, Mr. Lodge should be nominated. President Johnson will not be defeated by an opponent in Dr. Dentons who treats reporters as if they were flunkies. The press wouldn't like it—and James S. Reston would probably make it a constitu-

tional issue. Though Presidential candidates are far too obsequious to the press, the pendulum can swing too far back.

It is, of course, a fact that the Washington correspondents who will cover Mr. Lodge when and if he returns to seek the nomination actively are predisposed in his favor. There is about the Saigon Sphinx a delicate scent of Liberalism. He was the man who joined in the posse which shot Senator Robert A. Taft in the back during the 1952 Convention. He was one of those who helped raise the cry of "Thou Shalt Not Steal" against a public figure whose integrity had never been challenged until then. The press looks back at this shocking performance with some degree of admiration. But by the dialectics of the political situation, Mr. Lodge will be treated with tenderness only while he stands in opposition to Senator Barry Goldwater. Once the main event has begun, most reporters will find that their affections have been fondly alienated by Lyndon B. Johnson.

The romance will begin to fade once a returning Ambassador Lodge realizes that like Garbo at the advent of talking pictures, he must someday open his mouth. "Lodge Speaks" will be a merited headline. But once the novelty of it has worn off, the bemused voter will begin to give heed to the words and their meanings. At this point, divinity will depart and the criteria of the political market place will once more obtain.

At this point, too, the pundits and press panjandrums will be forced to comment on Ambassador Lodge's past, present, and foreseeable future. They will begin to search his record and to call for declarative judgments from him on everything from Planned Parenthood to Planned Deficits. Biographers will comb newspaper files and the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature for an index of his views and an insight into the life that has occupied him these 62 years. The search will be an arduous one and the results hardly worth the effort. Henry Cabot Lodge is like the rabbit Harvey. Even ectoplasm has more substance. In his political pronouncements, moreover, he has taken the politician's method of incoherence and carried it a step further to utter vacuity.

The proof of this spectral pudding is amply demonstrated by *Time* Magazine. In August of 1958 and September of 1960, the indefatigable researching teams of that newsmagazine could muster up only the thinnest of biographical fare. In two cover stories—the second largely repeating the first, there are many huzzahs for Mr. Lodge but very few

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facts about him. It is of interest that Mr. Lodge is descended from six United States senators and that the position of his grandfather on the League of Nations has been thoroughly distorted by the Liberal smearbund. Men with family traditions are personally enriched therefrom. The world of Boston aristocrats from whom Mr. Lodge is descended contributed much to America. The sense of place has unquestionably left its mark on him—even pejoratively as in this tendency to condescend.

But these aspects of Mr. Lodge's family background tell us little of how he stands today, how he acted in the Senate, or what his responsibility may be for the murder of Vietnam's President Diem. Like the lint in the umbilicus, they are useless in telling us anything about the fabric of his coat.

But directly apposite to the present Lodge boom is one factlet of his time as Richard Nixon's running mate. A Gallup poll in the early weeks of the 1960 campaign showed Henry Cabot Lodge running ahead of Mr. Nixon, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. Today, the Gallup pollsters are again doing their bit for Mr. Lodge—but who will prove that they are right today? Perhaps he napped away his chances in 1960. In any case, a Gallup poll on a man who—to quote *Time* in 1958—"looks about as much like a grandfather as Marlene Dietrich looks like a grandmother" may be amusing but hardly adds to the sum total of our political knowledge. Neither does the fact that he is "cinematically handsome." If this is the gauge of a President, Mr. Johnson doesn't stand a chance against almost the entire field of Republican would-be candidates.

The Rise & Fall

Looking back over the secret life of Henry Cabot Lodge, there are some discernible milestones. He went to Harvard and was graduated *cum laude,* a notable achievement when it is recalled that he did the four years in three. The profession of law was not for him. On leaving Harvard Square, he took himself to the gentility of the *Boston Evening Transcript* where, uniquely for the period, all reporters washed and minded their manners. A stint with the *New York Herald Tribune* on the Washington staff and some time as an editorial writer were enough to give him the training in politics necessary to win election to the Massachusetts legislature.

In 1936, a great political career seemed to be opening up for him. Running for the Senate in the year of the great Roosevelt landslide, Lodge bucked FDR's 174,000 lead in Massachusetts, toppling James Michael Curley by a plurality of 135,000. As the seventh senator of his line, he could almost claim membership in the small inner circle which runs the United States Senate and dominates its politics. The Presidential halo which had not settled on the head of a Bay Stater since the days of Calvin Coolidge seemed airborne for the young Mr. Lodge, and the kingmakers beamed on him.

But his record as a legislator, in terms of his impact on the Senate's workings and on measures bearing his name, was a meager one. His colleagues thought him aloof. He was never trusted by the leadership or liked by the Senate rank-and-file. No anecdotes gave color to his public personality—and it is doubtful whether he was ever seen at the New Carroll Arms, across the street from the Senate Office Building, indulging in the convivial drinking which acts as cover for much important legislative business. The Liberals thought him conservative and stuffy. The conservatives thought him Liberal and stuffy. He himself made no secret of his disdain for such roughhewn characters as Senator William Jenner of Indiana or Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin. In the Senate cloakroom, the word used to describe him was "evasive."

The evasiveness was most apparent when, as a Republican member of the Tydings subcommittee investigating Joe McCarthy's charges of Communist infiltration in the government, he was called upon to take a stand against the Democratic majority's steamroller tactics. Throughout those bitter and disillusioning days, the Republicans labored to blast open the inquiry and to get at the facts. But at no point could they count on Mr. Lodge's support. He acted always as if the entire matter were somehow unseemly—and it was only after the Democrats had nailed shut the barn door and thoroughly whitewashed it that Senator Lodge expressed himself and his umbrage. By that time it was too late—and there were some who, perhaps ungenerously, insisted that he planned it that way. The Tydings "investigation"—by the blatancy of its disregard for the stated aims of its mandate—cleared the way for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's monumental study into the ways and byways of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It also led to a brief period of American awareness of the immediate dangers of Communist subversion. But Senator Lodge had little to do with this—and always he seemed to believe that looking into the depravities of the Kremlin's agents in this country was somehow a vulgar pastime for Midwestern louts.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Senator Lodge resigned his office to enlist in the United States Army thus ringing down the curtain on this phase of the Ambassador's life. The next act is well-known and over-regurgitated. The Eastern Liberal kingmakers in the Republican Party needed a Presidential candidate to stop Senator Taft. From the Chase Bank and other environs of town-hall democracy came the call for Dwight David Eisenhower. The Tom Deweys, Harry Darbys and Jim Duffs labored long in the vineyard. The Paul Revere was Senator Lodge. It would be confounding history to say that he was *the* major Dwightist, but he worked so hard that many considered him the architect of the 1952 convention. His reward was a stunning defeat at the polls where a young congressman with good political connections took Lodge's seat in the United States Senate.

The man who helped elect a Presi-

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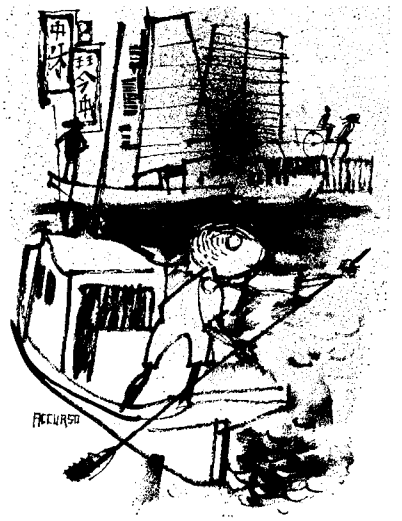
dent found himself without a job. But this was only a passing misfortune. President Eisenhower appointed him Ambassador to the United Nations and a "personal member" of the Cabinet. As such he played a prominent part in welcoming Khrushchev on his 1959 visit to the U.S. To give Mr. Lodge his due, he did make some telling oratorical points against the Soviets. But oratory has never dented Communist armor. And even as he deplored the Soviet Union's blatant adventurism and disregard of UN rules, Ambassador Lodge could still refer to the Glass Menagerie on the East River as "the world's greatest adventure in building collective strength." The words are English, but the meaning is vague. Like many of Mr. Lodge's other utterances, it has a good ring. But what strength did it refer to—and who was collecting it? The "collective strength" did little to deter the rape of Hungary—a subject which occupied much of the Ambassador's rhetorical energies. Indeed he was so busy blasting away at the Soviets that he was of no help at all to Povl Bang-Jensen when that UN official was fired for refusing to betray the confidence of Hungarian refugees.

Again ring down the curtain. Haul it up again when Henry Cabot Lodge, unemployed as a result of his failure with Richard Nixon to win the 1960 election and shunned by his party for an incredible boo-boo—the "promise" that a Nixon Cabinet would include a Negro—appealed for work to President Kennedy. At that time, any hope of returning to electoral office was dim. His appeal to Negro prejudice had cost Mr. Nixon the South and perhaps the election, and the professional politicians wanted no shoot-from-the-hip hired guns on the Republican range. Mr. Kennedy was delighted to share his misfortune in Vietnam with a former Republican Vice Presidential candidate. Mr. Lodge was delighted to find himself once more in a post where he could my-good-man the local talent, whether journalistic or political.

He arrived in Saigon obsessed by the view that only simon-pure democrats should be allowed to battle Communism. Surrounded by the same kind of foreign service officers as those who had convinced Washington that we must jettison Chiang Kai-shek because there was "corruption" in the Kuomintang, Ambassador Lodge joined in gaily with the cabal which engineered the overthrow of the strongly anti-Communist Diem regime and put in a weak-handed group which allowed the Viet Cong Reds to score immediate gains. As a result of the coup, President Diem and his brother-in-law were murdered in cold blood. A second coup was necessary to bail out Ambassador Lodge and the United States. At present, the "nasty little war" continues, American lives are being lost, and Mr. Lodge wanders about the country like something out of a Hollywood movie.

The posture sought now by Lodge's artful dodgers of their candidate as Republicanism at Bay, or Virtue Triumphant, has a somewhat saggy-shouldered look as a result of the Ambassador's activities in Saigon. But what clutches a cold hand to professional political hearts in the Republican Party is Mr. Lodge's complete involvement in the Kennedy-Johnson Administration's second greatest foreign policy fiasco. Had Mr. Kennedy followed the advice given him on January 19, 1961, by the outgoing President, Laos would have been saved from the dangers and humiliations of a Communist-dominated "troika" and the anti-Communist position in Vietnam would not have been undermined. The coup d'état which weakened the resolve of the Vietnamese in their battle against the Viet Cong would never have taken place. By his presence in Saigon—and by his continual silence—Ambassador Lodge gives assent and blessing to policies which should become an important campaign issue for the Republican Party. His silence, moreover, gives rise to the question: Is Mr. Lodge a Republican? In this case, echo doesn't even bother to answer.



The irony of the Lodge candidacy, however, transcends such minor matters as wars for survival or party loyalty. He was projected into the campaign by General Eisenhower whose motives were, as always, pure. But the motives of those who gave Mr. Eisenhower *his* motives are subject to some scrutiny. And they are not as obscure as some would think. The Lodge candidacy was part of a strategy which can be outlined in a series of propositions:

1. Barry Goldwater must be stopped if the conservative wing of the Republican Party is to be prevented from taking over.

2. If Nelson Rockefeller can make it, then little goody two shoes.

3. If Rockefeller cannot make it, then a situation must be created which will allow Nixon to accept the draft of a grateful party.

4. The Rockefeller weaknesses are so great that someone else must be brought in. Who Else But Nelse must be replaced by Let's Dodge With Lodge.

5. With substantial financial aid—and the fancy direct-mail campaigns in New Hampshire and Oregon really cost—Mr. Lodge can be the counterpoint to Senator Goldwater's point. But that is as far as it is to go. No convention in its right mind will nominate him.

As of this writing, this strategy is under scrutiny. The emergence of Ambassador Lodge as the pundits' choice has hurt Mr. Nixon badly. It has fragmented the "stop Goldwater" forces. And it has given some of those who cynically came to the aid of the Saigon Sphinx delusions of Presidential possibility. Meanwhile, Senator Goldwater sews up delegates. The little man who wasn't there, the Republican answer to Soapy Williams (or was it "Honest Ave" Harriman?), and the Grand Old Party-pooper may have, in the last analysis, done Barry Goldwater and American conservatism a service. That, my good man, is funnier than any dozen elephant jokes. Republican elephants, that is.

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The Third World War

To Hell With Sukarno

JAMES BURNHAM

Let us take happy note, before it is lost under the tide of vaster events, of what happened April 25 in the new country of Malaysia. The post-federation round of elections was then completed by a sweeping victory for Tungku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister, in the eleven states of the Malay peninsula. Adding the results from elections previously held in the Borneo states (Sabah and Sarawak)) and Singapore, the Tungku's Alliance has won 125 out of the 159 seats in the Malaysian legislature. Let us specify how good a thing this is, and how remarkable.

1) In a region where government is mostly based on revolution, military coup or foreign intrigue, Malaysia made responsible use of the procedures of representative democracy. The opposition parties campaigned freely; the citizens voted in uncoerced and secret ballot.

2) The racial and religious composition of Malaysia is extraordinarily complex, offering the potential for harsh internecine conflict. About half are Malays, a third Chinese and many of the rest Indians. The Malays are mostly Moslem; the Chinese, Buddhist; the Indians, Hindu; and there are Christians and pagans. But the Tungku, who is himself singularly free from racialism, proved through these elections that the communal distinctions can be reconciled politically. His own Alliance is a combine of three communal groups: the United Malays National Organization, the Malayan Chinese Association and the Malayan Indian Congress. The opposition parties, like the pan-Malayan Islamic Party, that tried to exploit extremist communal feeling, were rejected. The Chinese (and socialist) People's Action Party, which controls Singapore with its predominant Chinese population, got only a single seat in the April 25 election, though many urban districts have Chinese majorities.

3) The Tungku and the British Foreign Office were joint architects of the enlarged Malaysian federation (Malaysia). The elections thus became a referendum on this new political entity which the Communists and Sukarno have so furiously attacked as a neo-colonialist fraud. Neo-colonialist or not, the voters gave an unambiguous verdict. Though bitterly disappointed by the bad showing of his own People's Action Party, Lee Kuan Yew, premier of Singapore, straightforwardly summed up: "No government in the world can now doubt that Malaysia is the free will of its people—Sabah, Sarawak, Singapore and Malaya."

All That and Capitalism Too

4) Not only does the Tungku believe in parliamentary democracy, and practice it. Still more astonishing in Asia, he openly praises free enterprise and, so far as conditions permit, he promotes the activity and growth of private business. Instead of harassing and expropriating foreign-owned trading, manufacturing and banking firms, he encourages foreigners to do all the business they can in and with Malaysia. The new smaller harbors, like the great port of Singapore, are open to all comers. Malaysia has indulged no Bolivian nonsense in handling her immense deposits of tin and her huge rubber plantations: her present government, like the British colonial governors before it, know that tin and rubber are her chief economic assets, but useful assets only when got out of the jungle into the channels of world trade. Independent Malaysia continues to be first in the world in production of both tin and natural rubber; her people have the highest per capita income in Asia, Japan excepted. No doubt this was one of the things they were voting for.

5) In southeast Asia, representative democracy and a fair measure of capitalism function vigorously, and internal Communism feebly, only in Malaysia and the Philippine Republic. It was in just these two countries that Communism was confronted bluntly, and destroyed. In both, at war's end, the Communists were present in large numbers, trained, armed and fighting for state power. Neither country went in for coalitions, united fronts, troikas or free speech for revolutionaries. The local Communists were killed, or forced to surrender and renounce Communism. (I recall the address given to a meeting in Manila in the spring of 1961, by a venerable Malayan anti-Communist who fought alongside the British in the postwar jungles. The topic was the worsening situation in Laos, and he was arguing against the Harriman plan then being advanced for supposed neutralization. "You can't deal with Communists in such ways," he kept insisting. "Our way is the only way; I know; I have seen." And he looked down at his hands. . . . "I personally"—so his words were translated—"have cut the throats of thirty-eight Communist guerrillas, and I know.")

Sukarno's Volunteers

6) This Malaysian election is the direct and defiant answer to Sukarno's "Crush Malaysia!" campaign; a bold answer also, for a country of ten million to give to an empire of 100 million backed by two empires of 800 million. And it is also a prudent answer, since the voters, by upholding a government aligned with Britain and the West, showed they understood their need for help in defense against the South Seas aggressor. Sukarno's threats might have cowed them, as he intended. Instead, as the election result proves, he may have helped cement this rather motley federation into a real nation. Sukarno expressed his appreciation of the meaning of the vote by his uncontrolled ranting before a massed Jakarta crowd May 3, during which he called for "twenty-one million volunteers" in the fight "to crush Malaysia" and—shades of *Mein Kampf*—"to help the people of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei and Sabah dissolve Malaysia and attain national independence."

The Tungku had given his sufficient reply in advance when the election returns came in: "To hell with Sukarno!"

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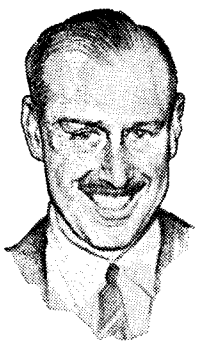
Letter from the Continent

The Problem of the Christian Social Sentimentalist

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

What are the deeper reasons for the ever mounting fascination with "social justice," today prevalent among Christians in general and Catholics in particular? Why the *apertura a sinistra,* and the worker-priest experiment? Professor Wilhelm Roepke once stated emphatically that nothing is more dangerous than to discuss economics without regard for ethical considerations, or to moralize in economics without being conversant with the realities of economic life. In the last two hundred years of Western history the sentimentalists crusading for some sort of "justice" or to "right the balance" have caused more tears and bloodshed than the simple, egotistic materialists who merely crave for earthly goods.



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Christianity most obviously is concerned with moral values and ethical attitudes. In medieval scholastic theology love of one's neighbor was the highest of all virtues, therefore the works of charity were encouraged by the medieval Church. When Luther condemned *Werkheiligkeit* (sanctification by good works) the drive for charitable action slackened—but not permanently. In modern times the Reformed Faiths have been almost as much engaged in charitable works as the Catholic Church. . . and in some countries even more so.

A certain affection for the poor has always been in the Christian tradition. Christ said that the poor would always be with us and he warned that material ties could endanger the spiritual welfare of the rich, whose entry into Heaven was as difficult as the passing of a rope *(kamilos,* not *kamelos)* through the eye of a needle. There arose, moreover, the myth of Christ the pauper, the indigent son of a humble carpenter. *Tekhnón,* however, also means architect or building contractor. Joseph was a landowner in the Bethlehem region and when the Magi arrived he already had a house; in addition, he was of royal blood ("Son of David!") which made Jesus a pretender to the throne and created endless misunderstandings between Him and His people. The Virgin Mary was the niece or grandniece of St. Elizabeth who belonged to the highest social layer. The "proletarian myth" about the Savior helped to present Him as a social reformer—which He never was. In more than one sense He was the King of Kings. Nor did He preach only to "simple fishermen"—if St. John the Evangelist wasn't a first-rate intellectual, who is?

In our days theologians have become concerned with the problem of "social justice" which is by no means identical with charity. The impetus in modern times to establish "social justice" came undeniably from the Marxists who condemned the inequalities of wealth, insisting that political equality must be supplemented by economic equality. Yet this clearly meant a break with the Christian tradition which embraced Ulpian's *suum cuique,* "to everybody his own." The Christian tradition accepts, at best, "adverbial equality" (to "have equally") but not essential equality (to "be equal"). According to Christian doctrine we are certainly not equal even "in the eyes of God." Judas Iscariot expiring in the noose and St. John dying in Patmos were not "equal before God"; there is no equality of Grace, no equality in Heaven, none on Earth, none in Purgatory, none in Hell (although one might say that, in a deeper sense, equality *is* Hell).

Socialism, from St. Simon and Engels to Lenin and Trotsky, became a movement of intellectuals (mostly of bourgeois and upper crust origin), calculated and designed to mobilize the envy of the economically less fortunate masses. The reason for the masses' unsatisfactory material status was assumed by the Socialists to be "exploitation" or other obstacles put in their way by the "rich." But frequently there were other reasons too: natural catastrophes, ignorance or laziness.

These remarks by no means invalidate the *possibility* of a socially unjust order. The Catholic Church awoke to the existence of such a problem at the end of the nineteenth century. The Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII dealt with it closely. Forty years later, in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno,* Pius XI (with the aid of Father Gustav Gundlach S.J. of the Gregorian University) again approached the problem. And more recently, the Encyclical *Mater et Magistra,* signed by Pope John XXIII and elaborated by professors of the newly created Lateran University, enjoying the special protection of Cardinal Ottaviani, has once more taken up the theme. Needless to say, these Encyclicals talk in general terms, never referring to specific areas, countries, or enterprises. And it is certainly consistent with the spirit of Catholic theology that the Church is concerned with the problem of justice in the economic domain. Still, when it comes to the practical application of the Encyclicals, the individual Catholic is entirely on his own, and in concrete cases he can only pass moral judgment or suggest "reforms" if he is in the possession of all the facts.

Impetuous Demands

If we ask ourselves where, *in concreto* in the free world, economies based on actual large-scale exploitation exist, we will be hard pressed to find such areas. The Church's moralizing injunctions have created a probably unforeseen sense of illusion among good Christians who are not necessarily swept off their feet by the general tidal waves of jealousy but actually become unthinking victims of visual impressions. Obviously there are considerable differences in wealth and income even in "progressive democracies" like Sweden, Switzer-

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land, or the Netherlands. Even more obviously there is a terrifying discrepancy between the very rich and the very poor in "backward" nations where poverty, if not misery, is prevalent. But in the case of each country we have to collect the data pertaining to national wealth, national gross income, wages, salaries, investment rates and profits. And before we can arrive at a rational judgment, before we can demand "social reforms" and a more rigorous application of social principles as set down in the Encyclicals or other Christian documents, we must know the exact score.

Christian social sentimentalism is greatly responsible for the steady growth of Italian Communist votes (without a parallel rise in Communist conviction, we might add). Since the workers' wages have increased in Italy by leaps and bounds while more and more Communists were being seated in Parliament, the little Italian has had the impression that this was due to a greater liberality on the part of the entrepreneurs, caused by fear of the Communists; hence it is considered wise to increase this fear. But to believe that the Italian employer is more generous to his employees because he trembles before the Communist menace (or because he reads the social Encyclicals of the Popes) is nonsense; he pays maximal wages *anyhow*. The truth is that the gross national product is much bigger, and that, thanks to wise investment, good management, and greater trade volume, the output per man-hour has grown considerably (until recently).

But before we mention other countries or nations let us face the grim fact that what we call the standard of living compatible with the "dignity of man" is of most recent attainment. Only the combination of sustained hard work, technology, rationalization and organization, savings, and sound investments could achieve the miracle of a fairly general affluence—a miracle which has only taken place in recent times and only in the Western world. The flair for objective reality (the engineer was born in the shadow of the Cross and of Aristotelian realism!) and personal ambition were essentials. Our medieval forefathers, needless to say, worked very little. A hundred holidays besides the 52 Sundays were the norm in Central Europe. The puritanical spirit of the Reformation and the invention of labor-saving devices (which are expensive and cannot be left idling) sped up a rhythm of work unknown in Africa or South Asia. Hence the West (Europe and America) left the older cultures of Asia and Africa way behind.

The dream of a substantial increase of lower class incomes or of welfare through "social engineering," confiscatory taxation, or other feats of "social justice" is baseless. The redistribution of wealth never stretches far enough for more than a trivial alleviation of poverty, and redistribution can be used but once, at that.

Finally, there is the terrible fear that the Christian Churches may miss the boat, a fear sustained by the conviction that we as Christians "have to take the wind out of the sails of Socialism and Communism—by aping some of their policies." This purely strategical-tactical (and utterly un-Christian) trend of thought is strengthened by the widespread notion that "in the past" the Church "always sided with the rich." The Church, naturally, usually condemned Marxism and materialism but one truly wonders when and where she is supposed to have espoused the cause of the Rich. This legend has to be looked into carefully—just as the legend of the "rich Church" in our times. (I would like to know in which solidly Catholic country the majority of priests attain materially a middle-class level!)

Of course, envy is an ugly vice and a leading Catholic theologian explained to me that even if no benefit accrues to the lower classes, the wealth of the rich should be partly expropriated just because it generates so much envy and jealousy. I asked him what he would do, for instance, in the case of two sisters, one beautiful and one ugly. The ugly one is jealous and bursting with envy. Should one disfigure the beautiful sister merely so as not to lead the other into temptation—or should one preach virtue to her? He had no answer.

I have asked another theologian of renown (an Austrian), who is at the same time an eminent economist, whether a young man who inherits ten million dollars and builds castles and palaces with this sum would not actually perform a social service. The theologian was hesitant. Up to a point I was right, he said, but the turnover of the money would be very slow. Invested in industrial enterprises it would better serve the common good. I suggested museums and libraries instead of palaces and castles. The answer was the same, naturally. But what if the nauseating young man were to buy 1,000 racing cars of different colors? The theologian-economist smiled sadly. Yes, I had him there.

Yet, the Christian social sentimentalist does not abandon his sometimes truly dangerous dreams and his completely bona fide, occasionally even unselfish, d e m a g o g u e r y. At the Vienna *Katholikentag* in 1952 Pius XII insisted that a proletariat existed almost nowhere in Europe today except in our Mediterranean "Deep South," but the trembling fear that the Church might be accused of a reactionary behavior and mentality still elicits shrill demands for "social changes."

• •

The Rocky Road to Washington

How to succeed in politics?
  It's really rather simple:
First off, you have to grin a lot,
  Be rich, and have a dimple,

Be slow in stating principles,
  Be quick in scorning factions;
Be lavish with your speeches, but
  Be sparing with your actions;

Regarding foreign policy,
  The very best advice is:
Don't frown and mumble "incident";
  Turn pale and holler "Crisis ! ! !".

On fiscal matters here at home,
  One trick is sure to please:
Be an enemy of "taxes,"
  But an advocate of "fees";

Make frequent use of phrases like
  "The needs of the community,"
And never break your word . . . except
  To seize an opportunity.

JOHN MORRESSY

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Special Report

On the Laps of the Snow Gods

HUGH KENNER

They have been skiing in Norway, they will tell you, for 2,500 years; the Ski Museum above Oslo has Bronze Age scratchings to prove it. Telemark is the name of a Norwegian county where folk had their own notions of how to change direction. "Slalom" means "snake-track," and Norse farmers descending wooded hillsides left tracks of that sort long before it occurred to Sir Arnold Lunn to box the procedure within rules and make a competition of it. It is true that *Geländesprung* is a German word, but to leap about on one's poles smacks—does it not?—of Teutonic maladresse. The plural of ski (pronounced "she") is ski (pronounced "she"). Down near the rim of the world, where the midnight sun never shines, idle Englishmen practice something called "Swiss skiing," but that is mere decadence, being all downhill. The Swiss are said to abet this, but then the Swiss have no pride. They make cuckoo-clocks. The right way is to set out across the country, uphill and down, with one's lunch in a rucksack, for a destination at least three hours away, and preferably eight, and in the afternoon (if the run has been three hours) or the next day (if it has been eight) to come back again, blizzard or no blizzard.

Kenner

And so on. And to no one's surprise, one of the two annual festivities of the bright bleak country (Independence Day being the other) is a skiers' saturnalia. March after March since 1892 the *Holmenkollrenn* has saturated the press and paralyzed the commerce of Oslo, from the opening gun of the Thursday 15 km. *Langrenn* (a modest cross-country race; on Saturday 60-odd starters puff through one of 50 km.) to the closing gurgle of the Sunday evening *Loperfest* in the brownstone Hotel Bristol. (No spirits may be served in Norway on Sunday, but skiers grow drunk on skiing.)

Concerning the cross-country events, Norwegians, like baseball fans, thrive on an almost exclusive diet of statistics. A sport which, to evade logistical chaos, must dismiss its competitors into the wilderness at half-minute intervals, there to cope with bogs, highways, forests, mile-long 1-in-10 gradients, one another's tempers, and this year a chronic shortage of snow, lacks much of the concentrated unity of spectacle which alone, as Aristotle has taught us, will hold an audience. Partisans measure champions against past champions, but abstractly, with the help of newspapers. This is hors d'oeuvre merely, and not more than 10,000 actually bother to go to it. The rite, the crisis, the communal participation *en masse* in danger confronted and vicariously overcome—what bull-leaping was in Crete, the enacted death of Kings in Athens, but baseball, except for a while in Brooklyn, never in America—is the Sunday afternoon *Hopprenn*, to which fully one-fifth of the half-million people in Oslo make their way. The ski jumper, hurtling into space at the speed of a demented express-train, he is the sacrificial hero, with whose fortunes 100,000 people, crowded into a bowl as austerely designed for its ritual purpose as the theater of Aeschylus, breathe in suspended unison. The suicide rate of the people who invented this sport is one-tenth that of England.

Merely to move, say, the population of Duluth eight miles out of town and a quarter-mile uphill, and then back again, would be an all-day operation did not custom encourage anyone in quest of plenary catharsis to walk the whole distance. The walkers set out, by twos and threes and tens and fifties, in mid-morning, packsacks shouldered, singing, laughing, jostling. This sub-ritual drains off tens of thousands. The rest do not quite overtax the ancient but efficient *Holmenkolbanen,* which for twenty cents a head deposits them less than a mile from the bowl. At the station behind the National Theater, a crowd so dense it would bear a dead man upright is counted off in carloads and shouldered underground, there to mount trams that rumble under the Valkyrieplass, up into the light, and up the hill. An hour to board the train, twelve minutes for the journey, a half-hour's walk, and you are in your seat if you have been lucky enough to reserve one—a concrete bench ingeniously padded with a plank of styrofoam.

A Saarinen Sea-Gull

Yellow balloons impress their message—"Cricket-Gass; Cricket-Gass"—on the impressionable; hot dogs and a drink called Kon-tiki compete with sandwiches and Coca-Cola; overhead a slow plane tows in circles a cheese-cloth replica of a French cigarette lighter. A hundred thousand people, mostly standing, pack the bowl in a dense moiré, like a tweed blanket spread beneath the pines. The great Jump—visible from all over Oslo—towers white above them on its single leg, as though a Saarinen had modeled for the northern gods a concrete sea-gull. All faces are turned toward it.

As the first man appears, far off at the top of the chute, a fifth of the ballpoint pens in Oslo flash in clear sunlight, at the ready for a long ritual of noting the distances, scores, and points of a quarter of a thousand jumps. More than 80 men will jump three times apiece. This one crouches, barrels down the runway, disappears behind its tip, and rises from it suddenly forward into space, leaning so his nose juts over the tips of his skis. Down every meter of the landing ramp judges crane to identify his point of impact. In seconds he is precariously down, while one judge signals to the control tower. In a moment he has stemmed to a halt in a plume of snow. For just twelve seconds his life has lain on the laps of the snow-gods. He accepts it back, notes that his airborne distance was a passable 67 meters, and has barely shucked his

(Continue on p. 420)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Organizing Against the Supreme Court

Probably no other Supreme Court decisions, since the beginning of the Republic, have been so unpopular as the present Court's series of pronunciamentos against prayer and Bible-reading in public schools. The polls indicate that at least three-fourths of the American public is willing to indicate its opposition to these startling decisions —which have defied all precedent and the long-dominant opinions of such great judges as Justice Story. So powerful groups have organized to propose a constitutional amendment that would prevent the Supreme Court from distorting the first clause of the First Amendment.

Kirk

One association with real influence is the Constitutional Prayer Foundation (903 Munsey Building, Baltimore, Maryland). On its board of governors are the governors of the states of Florida, New Mexico, Delaware, Utah, Connecticut, Arizona, Colorado; among its supporters, the governors of Montana, Hawaii, Virginia, New Hampshire, Maine, and North Carolina. Other governors and supporters on its letterhead come from remarkably varied backgrounds: Bishop James A. Pike; Mr. Jackie Robinson; Mr. John Roosevelt; Mr. William Randolph Hearst Jr.; Mr. Conrad Hilton; Cardinal Spellman.

"To achieve our goal," the Constitutional Prayer Foundation people write, "we propose to actively seek an amendment to the Constitution which will recast the First Amendment in language that will more definitely state the permissible and proscribed areas of Church and State and their relation one to another. . . . The amendment we seek will permit not only the continuation of voluntary prayers and mention of God in our schools and public affairs, but will also guarantee the right to have chaplains serve in our governmental institutions, the perpetuation of our national motto 'In God We Trust,' and indication of dependence upon a Supreme Being in oaths of office and in our courts."

Another group already has accumulated more than a quarter of a million signatures upon petitions requesting Congress to pass such a constitutional amendment: International Christian Youth, USA (Collingswood, New Jersey). These signers are all between thirteen and thirty years old. This "Project America" is headed by Mr. Carl Thomas McIntire, a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania; its backing comes chiefly from Protestant youth groups.

In Congress, however, Representative Emanuel Celler, of Brooklyn, has done his best to cause the proposed constitutional amendment to die in the House Judiciary Committee. Representatives Frank Becker of New York, Philip Philbin of Massachusetts, and John Byrnes of Wisconsin have been particularly active in demanding congressional action in favor of the amendment. The House Republican Policy Committee has endorsed the proposal.

Campaign Issue

This whole question might become a major issue in the November elections. A Catholic seminarian writes that Senator Goldwater, were he to push the matter, might find himself more popular because of such a stand than on any other ground. "This would be," my correspondent remarks, "a dramatic, deeply felt issue which, properly introduced by Senator Goldwater, could inject a new vigor into the campaign. It would be a far sounder issue than that of civil rights. The very prospect of a high-level Democratic conference trying to arrive at a stand on the prayer amendment, pleasing to both camps, should make any Goldwater adherent enthusiastic. Support for the prayer amendment knows no party or religious lines. It could produce a vast good will toward Senator Barry Goldwater." Congressman Becker's version of the prayer amendment runs thus:

"Section 1. Nothing in this Constitution shall be deemed to prohibit the offering, reading from, or listening to prayers or biblical scriptures, if participation therein is on a voluntary basis, in any governmental or public school, institution, or place.

"Section 2. Nothing in this Constitution shall be deemed to prohibit making reference to belief in, reliance upon, or invoking the aid of God or a Supreme Being, in any governmental or public document, proceeding, activity, ceremony, school, institution, or place, or upon any coinage, currency, or obligation of the United States."

The Becker amendment is intended as a safeguard against further possible judicial encroachments. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, for instance, demands that our "secular government" embark upon taxation of church properties, elimination of chaplains from the public payroll, abolition of oaths in courts and inaugurations, abandonment of religious proclamations by chief executives, erasure of the national motto from coins and removal of other emblems of religion, exclusion of the Bible from the public schools, abolition of "released time" for religious instruction, secularization of marriage, etc., etc. It is not inconceivable that the present Supreme Court might oblige the militant atheists in some of these particulars—and so oppress the great religious majority of the American people in order to honor the fallacies of a tiny minority.

Here is one political issue which most of the American public understands, and by which the people feel directly affected. Paradoxically, the Supreme Court has brought religion into politics, rather than excluded religious influences from the civil social order.

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Whose Hamilton?

VINCENT MILLER

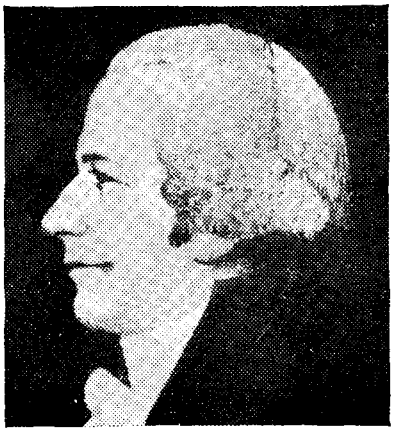
As Professor Rossiter points out, Alexander Hamilton's "reputation has been on the slow rise ever since the turn of this century." With the victory of the New Deal, the brilliance of his belief in a broadly interpreted Constitution favoring federal power, a strong executive, a ruling élite, and control through economic policy became as clear as day to those intelligent and dedicated Liberals whose position under Roosevelt now resembled Hamilton's position under Washington. Hamiltonian principles began to acquire what Rossiter calls a "high place."

Unfortunately, but predictably, professional historians have been less quick of eye. Although predominantly Liberal (but Jeffersonian) and no doubt anxious to be of use, they have remained to this day predominantly anti-Hamilton. For them, Hamilton's ideas and actions seem either relatively insignificant or relatively dangerous. Their view, as Rossiter indicates, is the view entrenched in American textbooks, and this is not, he believes, either fair to Hamilton or useful to the nation at a time when we are engaged "in an effort to save our dominant liberal tradition."

Americans today are re-examining their history, realizing that their "dominant liberal tradition" has serious defects, and reading widely in Madison, Adams, Calhoun. Professor Rossiter sees a clear and present danger here: that we may—he hopes not—"abandon our liberal tradition" altogether. Our present task is, he feels, to "reinforce and energize" that tradition. And in that endeavor, he argues, Hamilton of all the Founding Fathers can be of the greatest use. His ideas, actions, and programs are a vital part of the American tradition. They constitute a way of political life Liberals can embrace. Properly seen, much of what he stood for is "fully convertible to the uses of committed democrats of the twentieth century."

Alexander Hamilton and the Constitution, by Clinton Rossiter. Harcourt, $6.75

One can read this well-written and lucid presentation without being aware that it is buttressed by a thousand footnotes, which take up almost half as many pages as the argument itself, and which are in themselves a brilliantly condensed history of all the facts, problems, ideas, and controversies upon which any thought about Hamilton must rest. But historians will observe the notes as well as the argument, and Professor Rossiter will without doubt succeed in getting the textbooks rewritten so that Hamilton gets his proper seat in the pantheon. He may even do more than that. He may force conservatives to think a little harder about the American "tradition" by demonstrating how adaptable one of the Founding Fathers in fact is to the use of "committed democrats of the twentieth century." In the long run that service may be of more use to the nation than getting the history texts rewritten to convert the past to the uses of the present, an extremely timely but therefore impermanent achievement.



Alexander Hamilton: . . . *"enabled and prevented by the Constitution," he served the nation.*

As Rossiter sees it, the problem now is—I quote from his list of lessons to be learned from Hamilton—to get the masses to "understand the commands of the public good" and "whether lured by carrots or threatened by sticks, be made to obey them." In this endeavor, we need to place "choice spirits" in "positions of power" where they can articulate the public good, to put down "demagogues" who threaten to gain popular support, to convince people that "there is more to be feared from a dearth of political power than from an overdose of it," and to get the government to act as it must when it realizes that "the confidence of the people" must be maintained and that it is maintained "up to a point" not by acts but by "sounds and appearances."

This is hardly my own view of what is at present needed. It is not even an intelligent Liberal's view. It's an idea clot. But if in any sense at all Rossiter is engaged in political shenanigans, it is on a high level, which Hamilton's and Jefferson's own acts vindicate. Hamilton thought one way about executive power when he could influence it; he read the Constitution another way when he thought John Adams might use that power in a way he (Hamilton) did not like. And the Jefferson who argued against the use of federal power, used it when he got control of it; and when he thought it served the good of the nation as he saw that good, he used it to the hilt. In a similar way, Rossiter (so *Time* reports) once called Hamilton's constitutional theories "rightism run riot." Now that he sees Hamilton's usefulness to the garden variety Liberal,

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Random Notes

● DREAMS, DREAMS: For what the tip is worth, Warner Bros. announces solemnly that they are concocting new astoundments for the screen: Norman Mailer's *An American Dream,* the hero of which is an ex-war hero, college prof, and TV personality, and is unhappily married to boot; and Rumer Godden's *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita,* which is about adultery and children who save a marriage, goodness gracious alive, and stars, *mais oui!* Maureen O'Hara.

● MUSIC: For a month now The Interministerial Committee of Israel, which grants special visas, has gnawed its knuckles over a problem; namely, whether to be invaded by the Beatles. America survived them; Israel, be brave! . . . . Meanwhile, a Glasgow firm that does those busts of Beethoven is offering busts of George, John, Paul, and Ringo.

● OBITUARIES: Ben Shahn, the artist, and Wendell Berry, poet, have collaborated on a book called *November Twenty-Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Three,* to be published soon by George Braziller, $5. . . . And Igor Stravinsky has commissioned W. H. Auden to provide him with an elegy for President Kennedy.

● BELLES LETTRES: This letter, offered by *Publisher's Weekly* as an example of professorial prose, was sent by a high-school teacher to Dell Publishers, accompanying a manuscript:

"Dear Sir: The most frequent question I am asked these days, and a very welcomed one indeed to me, as it should be to all of us, who glean our existence from the most excellent of the words and verse and strive to keep this paradox, I must ask of you learned gentlemen the same question. Just how does author of that cherished manuscript, by one of authority in this creative field, one who can either accept or reject its contents. I must confess to you I can't answer this question as you or people like you can."

Dell ventured this reply: "You give us too much credit, sir."

he thinks of him as the heroic moulder of our "living Constitution."

Thus Rossiter's wisdom is the wisdom of American political practice. The trouble is that he shows no signs of understanding what that practice implies—which means that he shows no signs of understanding either Hamilton, or the Constitution, or American political history. The central fact is that neither the Constitution nor our history answers anything for us. What we inherit is a battle as old as Western civilization (both Adams and Jefferson attempted to say why it was that old and would continue to the end of time) and the means of fighting it. *All the Constitution did was to distribute the weapons so as to make the victories upon which national achievement depends always attainable, while at the same time making the defeats upon which the preservation of freedom rests always possible.*

Appeals to "tradition" didn't help Madison when he quoted Hamilton from *The Federalist* against Hamilton in the Treasury. If maintaining our form of government depends upon our preserving a delicate balance between possible victory and possible defeat, we preserve it as Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison in fact preserved it, in the very heat of the struggle. And we must thank them that our success will not depend upon our being any more capable than they were of rising above our particular views to see the whole of it. None of the Founding Fathers ever did, and only one of them ever seriously entertained any idea that he could. For this reason, none of their actions and none of the theories they favored in the midst of their battles to gain and exercise political power can be appealed to as defining an "American tradition."

Hamilton did not, as Professor Rossiter argues, remake the Constitution, causing it to be in 1801 what it was not and was not intended to be in 1788. He did know how to use it, and how to use the government it set up. And his actions may well, at one point in our history, have saved the nation and insured its prosperity. But none of his actions changed the Constitution; for what he disclosed was that it was as tough as it was pliable, that it resisted the dangers as well as allowed the benefits inherent in any thrust toward power by a dedicated few. It was flexible enough to allow him his victories and the nation the fruits of his wisdom, but it was at the same time resilient enough to allow Jefferson time and opportunity to defeat him. And Jefferson, like Hamilton, discovered within the Constitutional framework at least one weapon, and that a crucial one, undreamt of by the Constitution's framers. He used it, established a disciplined political party, and brought Hamilton's power structure down. The Constitution remained at the end what it was at the beginning, a formula for balancing powers as power battles moved into new and unforeseen areas.

Our tradition is, then, one of a continuing struggle for political power, a struggle the Founding Fathers initiated and the Constitution sought to bring within bounds and make serve the public good. It is not a "tradition" made up of the acts or views or victories of the Founding Father we favor, nor of a synthesis we favor. Rossiter opts for a synthesis of Jefferson's programs and Hamilton's, by which he means to appeal to another Liberal idea clot, that which defines America's present problem as properly aligning two groups, those who do the thinking for the nation and those who do the work and have the votes.

The only serious mistake would be the very one Professor Rossiter makes: to interpret Hamilton's brilliant reading of the Constitution and brilliant use of the governmental powers it set up as constituting an American "tradition." The only mistake, that is to say, would be to take either Professor Rossiter's book or Hamilton's arguments as a helpful explication rather than a partial example of American political practice. Certainly Hamilton deserves all the veneration Professor Rossiter wishes to give him. But not for what he did to the Constitution. He merits our most prayerful gratitude for what, enabled and prevented by the Constitution, he did for the nation.

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Fiction

The Danger of Building Houses

GUY DAVENPORT

THE PROGENITOR of a pioneer Southern family begets children white and black, thus encapsulating under one roof the archetypal problem of race. A young American, white, fleeing a shattered affair (abortion, broken engagement) goes into the Schweitzer latitudes, teaches in a missionary school, and marries a Balumbo lady, black, thus breaking his habit of running away from fatherhood. A dean, against all advice, builds a spire upon his cathedral which its ancient foundations cannot possibly support. Such are the themes of the novels before us.

The Keepers of the House, by Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf, $4.95

A Thousand Thousand Mornings, by John Bart Gerald. Viking, $3.95

The Spire, by William Golding. Harcourt, $3.95

Mrs. Grau is a latter-day master of Southern Romance, that school of writers who, all together, constitute a literature complete and self-contained, distinct in root and branch from the national product. Faulkner is its Conrad and James in one, lifting ambiguous surfaces to disclose equivocal impulses and dark failures of heart. Eudora Welty is its Hawthorne, blending mythology and photographic reality to create a symbolism unsurpassed in its discipline or beauty. Carson McCullers is its Poe, macabre, neurasthenic, Gothic. Mrs. Grau is its George Eliot. She needs at least three generations of a family for her story, a whole country of people, and a solidly Roman sense of the authority of grandfathers.

With Faulkner's passion for tone and detail she takes us from an agrarian past, when men were generous and wide of behavior, to the crisis of the present, when every point of view is disastrously narrow and monomaniac. Mrs. Grau has looked at the puzzles of race as only a Southerner can see them. The Negroes of her story are all part Indian, a remnant people both stolen from Africa and driven from their native Mississippi, both needed and unwanted. Two donations of European blood make them racial enigmas in a land where the master race demands, in terms as nicely figured as the ancestry of a spaniel, purity of design and pigmentation. What Mrs. Grau shows us is the double pinch of vision whereby the children of Indian-Negro-Scottish-Welsh descent checkmate the future—political and social—of the children of the Scottish - Welsh - English - God - knows - what descent, and are checkmated in turn, through revenge.

The bounty of love in which they were all begotten and raised narrows to a strait of violent and mutual retribution. These bitternesses, Mrs. Grau suggests, were not necessarily inherent in their origins. The two races were equally suspicious, alike in their notions of blood and descent. But demand and consent happened in a psychological climate that gave the Negro hope for freedom, or at least hope to survive in the white man's destiny as the Indian survived in the Negro. There is no clear understanding as to why these gestures have generated every human cruelty. But Mrs. Grau shows us the process as it happened and makes us believe unhesitatingly in the clarity of her observations.

Mr. Gerald's narrative is simpler, morally and structurally. For whereas Mrs. Grau's characters find they cannot agree to an assumption implicit in their great-grandfathers' actions, Mr. Gerald's protagonist faces the problem of running once more from a pregnant mistress, or of staying put. He must change his culture and become an African, and this he chooses to do, for integrity's sake. Were not the verisimilitude of Mr. Gerald's Africa so exact, and the tone so consistently convincing, we

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might question the forced alliance of one theme with another—emergent Africa and one man's moral courage. This is a first novel and a fine one; its unfocused perceptions are disturbing but not ruinous to the design. Perhaps Africa is a symbol for the world, its ambiguities heightened and seen anew.

The moral enigmas of these two novels become two-dimensional case histories, novelistic busy work merely, compared to Mr. Golding's breath-taxing parable. Again, as in *The Lord of the Flies* and *The Inheritors*, we are given a novel both abstract and specific, both *exemplum* and unnerving sermon. In prose as particular as a pre-Raphaelite painting we are shown—in no especial age or country—the building of a stone tower atop a cathedral already ancient. The master builder tries to quit at every stage, arguing that all will topple if he builds higher. He cannot, however, withstand the persuasion of Father Jocelyn, whose angel tells him to build as high as the masons can be cajoled into going. Page after page we expect catastrophe. Jocelyn becomes a common worker, services cease, immemorial routine halts, but the spire goes up and up. Rome sends a nail from the Cross to be driven into the topmost beam, and Rome sends an embassy to see if the spire-building dean is mad. No reader will want to know beforehand whether the tower stands or falls, or who the angel is said to be. He must be advised, though, that this is a novel of superb beauty, with sharp insight into the ways of the spirit with the things of this world.

The Stakes in Politics

STANLEY PARRY

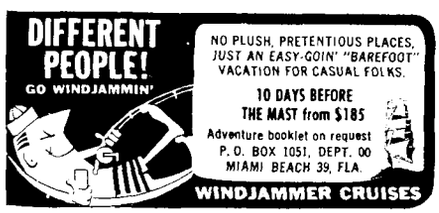
EVERY COHERENT political theory contains two basic elements. First it describes the dilemma of political life that arises out of the human condition; secondly, it offers a solution to that dilemma in the form of a constitution. Thus, Aristotle described political science tersely as the science of constitution making . . . beyond this, one gets into political philosophy.

Bertrand de Jouvenel in *The Pure Theory of Politics* has brilliantly discharged the first task of the science: the description of the dilemma of political life. And he has done it on the level of science. We do not have here another "Modern Dilemma" type of book; rather we have one that reaches into the permanent and perpetually recurring causes of the problem of politics. His objective is to found theory upon the empirically observable "elements" of political behavior. He engages in no sweeping generalizations about man, but slowly moves from level to level in the construction of his analysis, and each level points toward the unfolding dilemma in which the book culminates.

There are three parts to de Jouvenel's analysis. The first has to do with the basic processes that occur in politics; the second concerns the tensions and conflicts that are inherent in these processes; the third, which suffuses the entire work, establishes the inexorable conflict through which governments are dissolved. There is no mistaking the dilemma: political action by its very nature tends to the destruction of the established political order. But there is some confusion in de Jouvenel's attitude toward that dilemma.

If I may simplify to a degree that almost does injustice to the close analysis of the book, I would say that de Jouvenel sees the following basic pattern of political action. Men in society divide into two types: those whose general orientation is to comply with the social order, and those whose general orientation is to react to and change that order in some way. From the interaction of these two types emerges the basic operation of political life: instigation and response. When instigation elicits a successful response, an act of authority occurs. To understand de Jouvenel's analysis

The Pure Theory of Politics, by Bertrand de Jouvenel. Yale, $6.00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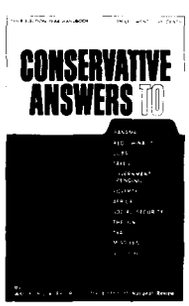

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properly, one must understand his conception of authority. It is not a moral concept. It is rooted in the empirical observation that authority is generated perhaps more in the one who responds to leadership than in the leader. It is defined as the "surety B (anyone who responds) will accept when in doubt about action."

There are two basic kinds of authority—instigation and response situations—in every society. The first, the authority of government, is official or formal authority. Response to it is deeply rooted in man's recognition of the priority of society over the individual, a Burkean-type prejudice acquired through experience in the family. The habit of compliance with this authority gives it a special impact, a special capacity to evoke favorable response. The second kind of authority is called "private" or "emergent" authority; as de Jouvenel puts it, political entrepreneurs challenge formal authority on specific issues. For this reason de Jouvenel also calls these political entrepreneurs "issuists."

THE CENTER OF *The Pure Theory* is the repeated analysis of these two types of authority, analysis that leads the author to the somber conclusion that formal authority gradually crumbles under the tireless, insistent, constantly varied and highly focused pressures of the restless attacks of "emergent" authority.

Official authority occupies a position of strength. Furthermore, it can neutralize the political entrepreneurs by incorporating them—both as to personnel and as to issues—into its own structure. But there is a limit to this process, a limit determined by the Law of Conservative Exclusion. There are instigations to action which are incompatible with existing official authority. These must be excluded or ejected from the government. But ultimately this leads to the overthrow of the government. "Debarred from an existing position of Authority, they build up a position of their own. And through this process every system of established Authority ultimately comes to grief."

De Jouvenel then deepens this analysis of the tension between the two types of authority by uncovering the weakness of established authority vis-à-vis the political entrepreneur. Governments make decisions about the common good. In making them they

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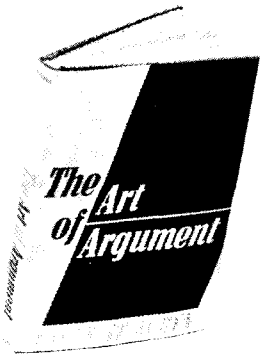

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must attend to all the opinions and interests in the society. Their decisions, in a free society, must necessarily be compromise decisions. Thus government must consider a multitude of interests, and the intention behind the decisions is frequently lacking in intensity because of the diffuseness of the considerations that motivate them.

It is far different with the political entrepreneur. He is singleminded. His intention is fiercely focused on one issue for which he is willing to sacrifice everything else. Thus government is cautious while the political entrepreneur is aggressive and careless. It is clear to de Jouvenel that "these two types cannot work together; one must squeeze the other out." Observation reveals that, because of the government's insistence that the entrepreneur moderate his demands in the light of other and conflicting demands, the politics of any society gradually becomes ferocious. The stakes in the game of politics become so great that groups, now become factions, resort to violence rather than persuasion to achieve their goals, and sacrifice the general order in favor of the specific goal.

It must be emphasized that the tensions de Jouvenel observes are not reported as simple historical developments. They are analyzed to show a necessary and inherent tension derived from the observable patterns of constant human behavior. The problem is terribly real: how to prevent politics from reaching the state of violent factionalism. This, he says, is "the first and foremost of political arts." He also makes one pregnant statement concerning a solution: "We therefore conclude that to keep the game of politics within the rules, the stakes must be kept moderate." One would expect, then, that de Jouvenel is now ready to write another book in which he attempts to find the solution to the dilemma he identifies as permanent in political life. How does one keep the stakes moderate? Is there, as Aristotle thought, a constitutional device that will exclude explosive issues from politics?

Herein lies the confusion in *The Pure Theory;* it is the same confusion present in his earlier and equally brilliant book, *Sovereignty,* and it can be found in de Jouvenel's conception of what he is doing. He devotes the first part of *The Pure Theory* to maintaining that political science is not concerned with values, but only with empirical observations. Yet these very empirical observations lead him by an inner necessity of thought to the identification of a fundamental tension in the processes of politics, a tension that involves value problems. His work is oriented to the preservation of the political order so intrinsically that in the final pages of the present book he is seduced by his own thought into making value statements about the preservation of order.

This contradiction between his interpretation of what he is doing and what he actually does illustrates the basic confusion. Whenever he distinguishes between political science and value sciences, he really distinguishes political science from social ethics—a completely valid distinction. But this by no means removes the possibility that political science has values of its own to which it is oriented, apart from considerations of social ethics. And *The Pure Theory* is the best possible evidence for the contention that the science of politics has as its end not simple knowledge but the preservation of political stability. That de Jouvenel should be confused about this is inexcusable. Aristotle long ago made the relevant distinctions, and de Jouvenel knows his Aristotle.

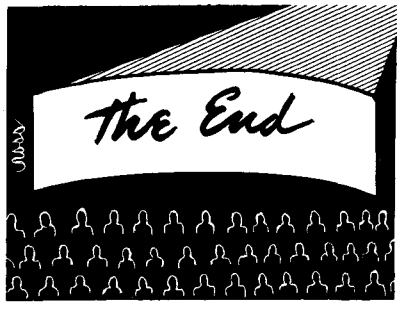
Recommendations: 1) To the readers, read and ponder this book. It is very important, and it is very illuminating. But follow the author's advice in the Preface, without his qualifications, and "bypass Part I." 2) To the author, re-read books IV, V, and VI of Aristotle's *Politics.* And then write your next book to "prescribe" a political system that will solve the dilemma you identify here. And don't go hiding behind the idea that there is no permanent solution to perennial problems. We all know that. Also re-read Number 10 of the *Federalist Papers.* It does a lot of "prescribing" about how to neutralize "factions" or, in your terms, "political entrepreneurs."

Movies

Good Grey Edification

ARLENE CROCE

ELIA KAZAN'S *America America* is the newest old film I have seen since Jules Dassin's *Phaedra.* The Dassin film was a plain vulgarism—a star package bundling the Metro



meretriciousness of the worst Garbo vehicles with jet-set glitter, just the thing for the tired ad man. Kazan's film isn't vulgar; it is even honest in a blunt, horny-handed way, and it is only about twenty years out of date. I am sorry to feel this way about what is obviously a most edifying motion picture. The theme, the message, the inspiration of *America America* are unassailably grand and good, and one or two powerfully invigorating moments toward the end almost convinced me I'd seen a grand and good film. But Kazan's dramatic method throughout is so exhausted, by derivation and repetition, one can't be refreshed for long. In the context of contemporary films, *America America* is like a nineteenth-century gravy painting in a gallery full of Dubuffets.

The book is Kazan's own, published as a novel a short while ago. The movie is the Heritage Classics edition of the novel, full of pages of "fine cinema" and flowing with india ink spilled from Satyajit Ray's "Apu" trilogy (*Pather Panchali,* etc.). None of this is inappropriate to the kind of film novel that *America America* is (you've read the movie, now see the book); it is very inappropriate, however, to the kind of director that Elia Kazan is. Ironically, he emerges in this film as that strangest of creatures, the jaded *naïf.*

Ironically, because from all publicized evidence *America America,* and the sequels projected from it, lie very close to Kazan's heart. The

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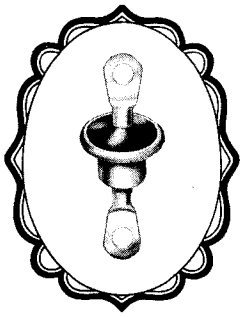

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story is Kazan family legend and the hero is Kazan's uncle, who as a boy of twenty entered this country in the Great Immigration of the 1900s. There is no mistaking the passion that has gone into this film, just as there is no mistaking the ambition. Kazan is attempting—let's say it for him—the great American film.

THE SUBJECT is so big the movies alone could imagine it. Chaplin touches on it in *The Immigrant;* only directors of comparable magnitude—Griffith, Flaherty, Vidor—could have done it justice. Kazan's ambition is no substitute for the natural raw energy that is long gone from the movies—for this loss one can never feel too much regret—and all his passion has gone into tooling and planing an already absurdly overcarpentered script. This is what dates the film: little crutches are scattered all through it to help the audience know what to think, what to "look for." At one point the hero, desperate for money to get to America, plows through his grandmother's possessions, uncovers a cache of old coins and—a dagger. Even while Kazan has you see M-U-R-D-E-R pass like a slow train through the hero's brain, the potential victim pipes up with "Keep the dagger, *it may come in handy.*" So it goes, in the best "Principles of Dramatic Construction" style. When the mother does not embrace her departing son, we say "She conceals her affection." When the hero makes money, we say "He will lose it," and when he does lose it, we say "He will court the rich man's daughter and thus corrupt his ideals." Chekhov said a gun on the wall in Act I must be fired before the play is over, but Kazan gets off a bazooka every other scene.

This is the approved studio technique of a thousand good grey movies of the forties—the ones that opened with the turning leaves of a book. Even the players have that contract list look. Faces, bodies, clothes are rigged for instant identification—the bourgeois paterfamilias, the wallflower, the straying wife, are done in such broad strokes you are surprised they have feelings. And Kazan's caricatures are visually modeled, not on real people, but on actors he has directed in the past. In Elena Karam, Paul Mann, Katharine Balfour, Estelle Hemsley and John Marley, you can recognize the parts for Jo Van

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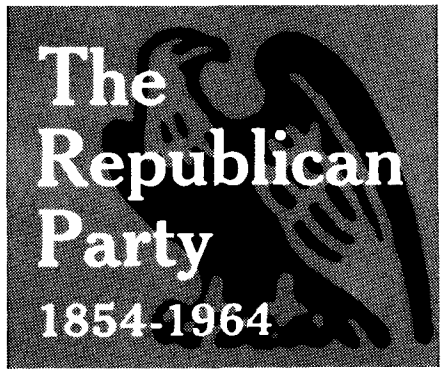

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Fleet, Lee J. Cobb, Geraldine Page, Eileen Heckart and Anthony Quinn.

In this very long film (nearly three hours), said to be Part I of a trilogy, Kazan clearly projects a testimonial to the man responsible for his being brought to this country as a child, born Greek and Christian in a land of Moslem Turks. I found an unconscious symbolism in the fact that Kazan gets better artistically the closer the hero moves toward America. Certainly nothing could be more oppressive than the first part of the film, which describes Greeks and Armenians being oppressed by Turks in terms of oily salon photography and "I spit in the milk of your mother" dialogue (atrociously dubbed). The second part, set in Constantinople, wallows in lower-depths horror, period plush (a great set designer goes berserk), and bulbous ancestral portraiture. Then, forty-five minutes or so from the end, young Stavros gets aboard that ship at last, and Kazan's cameramen suddenly begin supplying shots out of Jacob Riis instead of Margaret Bourke-White. For as long as they last, the scenes at Ellis Island are very beautiful, and without tears or flattery. I was proud an American had made them.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MARK THE GLOVE BOY: *The Last Days of Richard Nixon,* by Mark Harris (Macmillan, $3.95). Mark Harris has written some beautiful novels, notably *The Southpaw* and *Bang the Drum Slowly,* both of which used major league baseball settings. His latest book should have been meant as a joke, but wasn't. Commissioned by *Life* in 1962 to write an article on California politics, Harris (alias, Mark the Glove Boy) spent several days traveling with Nixon's gubernatorial campaign. And, it turns out, Mark the Glove Boy harbored an obsessive hatred for Nixon so intense as to conjure up dreams of assassinating the former vice president: "I could carry a little silver revolver somewhere up my sleeve, cleverly attached by strings and wires to the important muscles of my arm, so that when, meeting Mr. Nixon, my hand should come forward to shake his, the revolver would spring out, I'd fire thrice and cry, 'Sic semper tyrannis!' and flee." Harris' fleeting encounters with Nixon are described in Norman Mailerish terms—where a brief meeting with a celebrity is imagined to be a monumentally significant "confrontation" for both. *Life* can take heart that Harris' meetings with Nixon were few, and Mark the Glove Boy can take heart that, after President Kennedy's murder, the cherished dream of killing Nixon appeared less attractive "on November 23 than . . . on November 21." That is encouraging for us all.

A. E. GOLLAN

PATERSON, by William Carlos Williams (New Directions, $1.85). The appearance of Dr. Williams' long imagist poem, for the first time in a single volume, completes the publishing history of this modern classic. A decade ago, when *Paterson* was issued in a symmetrical four books, readers—and the poet—thought the poem complete, but in 1958 a fifth book was added, and this new edition includes a few pages of a projected sixth book. The original four books corresponded to the ancient elements, earth, air, fire, and water; the brilliant fifth book added spirit, and the sixth book, it seems, was to have been about genius. *Paterson,* a poem disarmingly simple in its sharp clarity and intense sincerity of expression, ostensibly displays, facet by facet, the homely history and cultural vapidity of the New Jersey industrial town, but what it actually mirrors is the wide distance between the idealism of colonial America and the present boring vulgarity of the American common man. Williams' long practice as a doctor in the Passaic valley, his dogged adherence to American life at its plainest (he died, last year, at 74, in the house in which he was born, few of his townspeople knowing that he was a distinguished poet), and his unfailing, unselfconscious humanity nourished his poetry with an exact knowledge of people. He felt that American life has been divorced from the sensibility it had originally brought from Europe, and that a struggle lies before us to invent a new sensibility which will give our culture significance and guidance. He was not doctrinaire and offers no nostrum. His diagnosis, however, is unforgettable, and only a man of crystal sincerity and intelligence could have studied the case so eloquently.

G. DAVENPORT

POLITICAL WRITERS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND, Edited with an Introduction by Jeffrey Hart (Knopf, $3.95). An exciting debate—with Swift modestly proposing and Locke deposing; with Savile trimming, Arbuthnot scribleriing, Addison spectating, Burke reflecting, Bolingbroke monarchizing; with "Junius" and Wilkes to play Cassius to prospective Brutuses, Paine as *écraseur* of various *infâmes,* and Johnson—Johnson detonating. The multiplicity of artistic *genres* used by political writers is impressive—parable and parody, epistle and oration, satire and reminiscence. It would have been even more striking if the editor had included the preface to a play, the dedication to a book, a fable of Gay, an adventure of Gulliver, and Pope's lines on, say, the men who would furnish God with a Parliament to make His monarchy "constitutional." As moderator and judge of this debate, Mr. Hart's sympathies are clearly with Burke throughout, but he keeps good order, gives every side its say, and renders his verdict with learning, restraint, and style. The book will exhilarate while one is reading it, and depress when one returns to the writing of *our* "pundits." No wonder Senator Goldwater takes it as a compliment when he is called an eighteenth-century politician.

G. WILLS

Two books reviewed for us by Sir Shane Leslie at the time of their appearance in England are now available in American editions:

Bosie: Lord Alfred Douglas, His Friends and Enemies, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50) reviewed November 19, 1963.

Rosebery by Robert Rhode James (Macmillan, $8.50) reviewed August 13, 1963.

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To the Editor

Cartography

Who in Heaven's name drew that map of what is supposed to be southern Africa in the May 5 *NR*?

Anyhow, Mrs. Huxley's article was, as usual, superb.

Philadelphia, Pa. GEORGE C. KENNEDY JR.

The map of Africa is certainly being redrawn in many ways, but it certainly never looked like that portrayed on page 352. Dr. Banda would not be amused to find himself wedged like Lake Kariba between the two Rhodesias—an interesting idea, but hardly practical since his country is the unnamed appendage to the east of Northern Rhodesia on your map.

And surely the Republic of South Africa has been that way long enough not to be called the Union any more. Obviously the parlous state of the finances of *NR* runs to literary reference material, too.

Washington, D.C. MICHAEL C. NEWMAN
Information Adviser
British Embassy

In common with the Empire, the sun never sets on our difficulties—ED.

Kempton on Buchanan

I still think my reference to Thomas Buchanan as an "honest man" was a proper one [*NR*, May 5].

Buchanan was fired from the *Washington Star* after the war because he was a Communist. The circumstances, however, reflect some credit on him. The *Star* did not need Mrs. Markward's testimony in this case. Buchanan went to his bosses, as I recall the incident, and told them that he was a member of the Communist Party and was thereupon discharged. It is my recollection that the matter was arbitrated—one assumes the ineffability of the Liberalism of the arbitrator—and Buchanan's firing was upheld. When I was a Bolo myself, I was underground as were most of those comrades who were not functionaries. Buchanan was open about his membership, and it is a pity that the *Star* did not take this unusual opportunity to judge a Communist on his character and his performance but instead fired him faster than it would have if he had been dug up from the testimony of Mrs. Markward.

The conditon of membership in the Communist Party as of 1947 is plainly admissible as evidence of a man's gullibility. But I do not think anyone—particularly anyone who acted as I myself had when I was in the Young Communist League—has a right, on the face of this record, to call Buchanan any but an honest man.

Yours for the boys in San Quentin.

Washington, D.C. MURRAY KEMPTON

Very well, then: an honest *Communist.* —ED.

Niemeyer on the UN

Congratulations are in order for Gerhart Niemeyer's excellent article entitled "The Collapsing UN" in the April 21 issue. His probing analysis into the conditions and premises concerning the United Nations was highly informative and most enlightening. It is time for the United States to reassess its commitments to this organization.

New York, N.Y. TOM JOHNSON JR.

Indiscriminate Love

"From the Academy," issue of April 21, contained the most astounding bits of stomach-upsetting writing. Not that I blame Russell Kirk. I do feel, though, that United Campus Christian Fellowship and its publication of Mr. Robert C. Buckle's article, are out of order. Vile, rotten, shameful—and were I resorting to pre-ordination "line-officer" language, some of my comments would not pass review, National or otherwise!

It seems to me that our Protestant Christians should buckle down and disavow Mr. Buckle.

(THE REV.) KNUT HALLE, D.D.
Staten Island, N.Y.

Since we are centuries apart, we find it difficult to respond to Mr. Russell Kirk's holier-than-thou attack on *Dialogue* editor Bob Buckle's essay, "Love Without Fear" [April 21].

Since it is possible that NATIONAL REVIEW's readers are more open-minded than some of its contributors, they may be interested to know that the current number of our magazine, dedicated to promoting a free clash of opinion, features an article on homosexuality, which is sure to drive Mr. Kirk even further into his monastic cave.

Ithaca, N.Y. DANIEL SCHECHTER
Associate Editor, *Dialogue*

Buckley on Wirtz

I regret to say that I could not disagree more with Mr. Buckley on "The Wirtz Proposal" [April 7].

I seem to recall something from NATIONAL REVIEW recently which lauded the double-time proposal, it being

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the reverse of Wirtz's original pronouncement.

Mr. Buckley's tax deduction solution would tend to aggravate the problem. His vocational training idea smacks of Britain's 11 plus (?) program and Russia's (is there a name for it other than dictatorial?) program. Not the stuff for American conservatives.

In this case Mr. Buckley displays a far too negative attitude, which, thankfully, he is far more often free from than my Liberal friends insist he is.

Granada Hills, Calif. JERRY E. QUINN

Politics and the Trillings (cont.)

While I appreciate the courteous intention of Mr. Buckley's comment in your last issue on G. M. Pepper's review of my book, *Claremont Essays* [April 21], I should like to make it clear to your readers that I did not find Mr. Pepper's remarks at all offensive, only stupid. I do not take it as an insult to be called a Liberal. Anyone acquainted with my political writing, some of it included in this volume, will be aware that I have always been at considerable pains to set my anti-Communism within the frame of my own Liberal premises, at the same time that I have tried to explain the grounds for my separation from the "ritualistic" Liberalism to which I often oppose myself.

New York, N.Y. DIANA TRILLING

Soldiers' Pay

"The Week" in the April 7th issue contains an editorial comment on the War on Poverty. The comments concerning benefits given to low-ranking enlisted families are flatly wrong except in one area: medical care. I can say, as an officer of the armed forces and a dedicated conservative that the *families* of enlisted men (or any other ranks for that matter) are *never* furnished food or clothing by the government. Enlisted men in the income brackets you mention are rarely, if ever, eligible for government housing. Military members on leave, together with their families, may utilize MATS passenger flights on a space-available basis. This is at best a very chancy business and does not exist at all on domestic U.S. routes.

I am glad that the Liberals included low-ranking enlisted men in their compilation, whatever their motives may have been. These young men get a very dirty end of the stick considering their jobs and their importance to the nation.

Spokane, Wash. ROBERT J. MACDONALD
Captain, USAF

No Wedding Bells

I see that in the March 24th issue "For the Record" carries a brief note that the World Federalists and SANE were planning an early summer wedding.

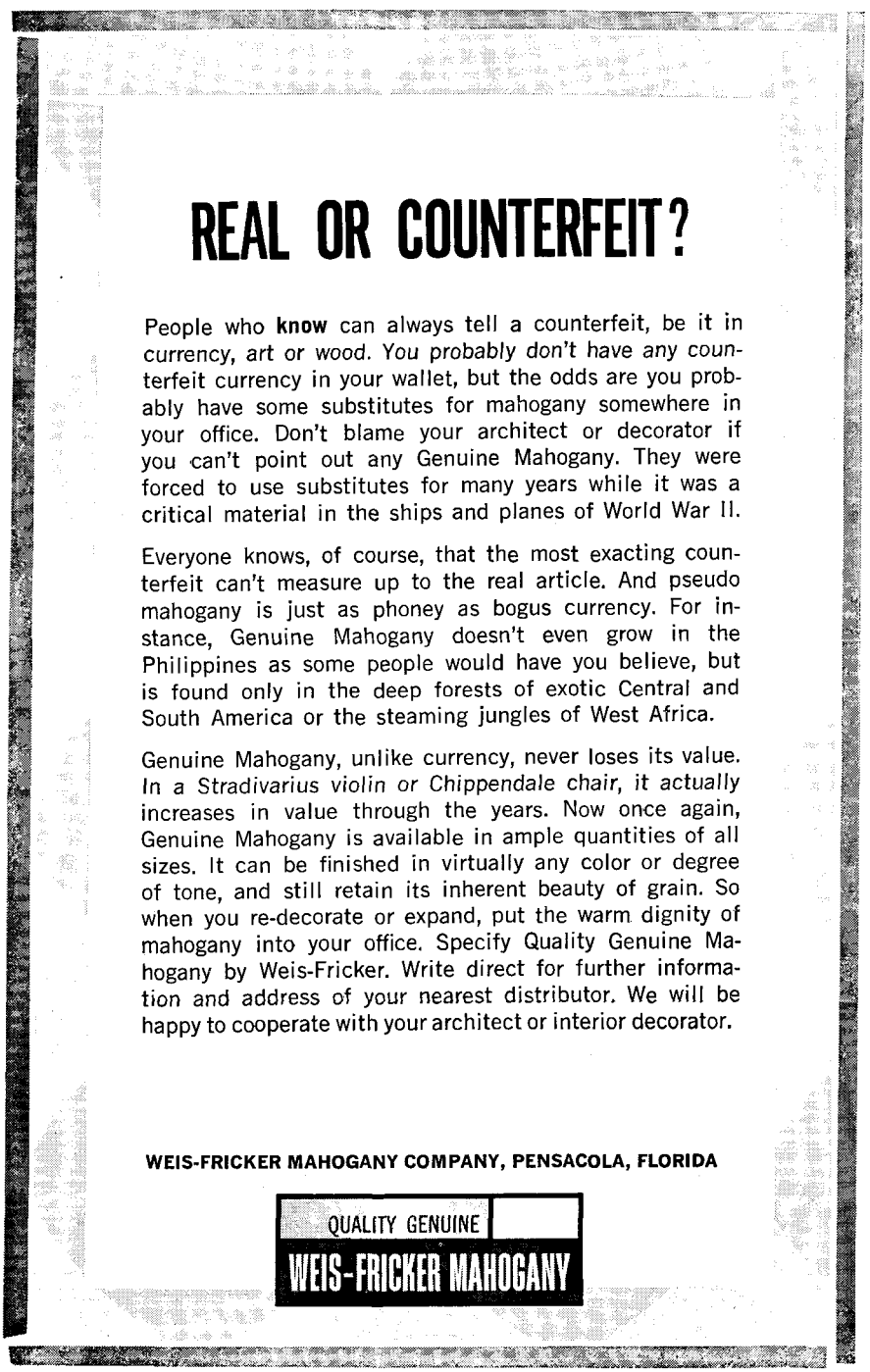
May I suggest that neither the bride nor the groom has yet proposed. They're going to have to get permission from their families. And nobody's picked out the church yet. Under these circumstances, it is a disservice to your readers to sound the wedding bells quite so quickly.

Washington, D.C. ALBERT MARK
Editor, *The Federalist*

How Does He Do It?

This is in appreciation of the Trans-o-Gram and admiration for Svend Petersen. I was up until 3:30 A.M. after my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW arrived yesterday. I can't think of anything that has kept me up until then for forty years.

They are a real challenge to my intelligence and ingenuity with a resulting feeling of really satisfied ac-


REAL OR COUNTERFEIT?
People who know can always tell a counterfeit, be it in currency, art or wood. You probably don't have any counterfeit currency in your wallet, but the odds are you probably have some substitutes for mahogany somewhere in your office. Don't blame your architect or decorator if you can't point out any Genuine Mahogany. They were forced to use substitutes for many years while it was a critical material in the ships and planes of World War II.
Everyone knows, of course, that the most exacting counterfeit can't measure up to the real article. And pseudo mahogany is just as phoney as bogus currency. For instance, Genuine Mahogany doesn't even grow in the Philippines as some people would have you believe, but is found only in the deep forests of exotic Central and South America or the steaming jungles of West Africa.
Genuine Mahogany, unlike currency, never loses its value. In a Stradivarius violin or Chippendale chair, it actually increases in value through the years. Now once again, Genuine Mahogany is available in ample quantities of all sizes. It can be finished in virtually any color or degree of tone, and still retain its inherent beauty of grain. So when you re-decorate or expand, put the warm dignity of mahogany into your office. Specify Quality Genuine Mahogany by Weis-Fricker. Write direct for further information and address of your nearest distributor. We will be happy to cooperate with your architect or interior decorator.
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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S
TRANS-O-GRAM (May 5)

Victor Lasky
THE MAN AND THE MYTH

On a delegate-hunting safari out West, the man from Texas won the loudest applause by booming out: "I am not prepared to apologize to Mr. Khrushchev — are you?" Invariably, the audiences boomed back, "No!"

complishment. How he ever interlocks the quotations with the initial letters and finds words with just those letters for the definitions is entirely beyond me. And such lively, amusing definitions they are.

Pasadena, Calif. MARY BOURQUE

Stop Press!

From the tone of your recent allusions to Presidential politics, one can only conclude that you consider it a game—a game whose object is to see how loudly you can shout for your favorite and sneer at all other contenders. Other Americans, who may lie outside the scope of your myopic vision, take a more serious view of the election process.

Be careful, gentlemen, lest your candidate and your cause become discredited through association with such journalistic asses as yourselves. Senator Goldwater is an honorable man who deserves better than to have your mud clinging to his feet. If you are truly interested in advancing the cause of conservative government, and not merely in feeding your own egos, your best course would be to cease publication from now till election day.

Los Angeles, Calif. EDWARD K. L. UPTON

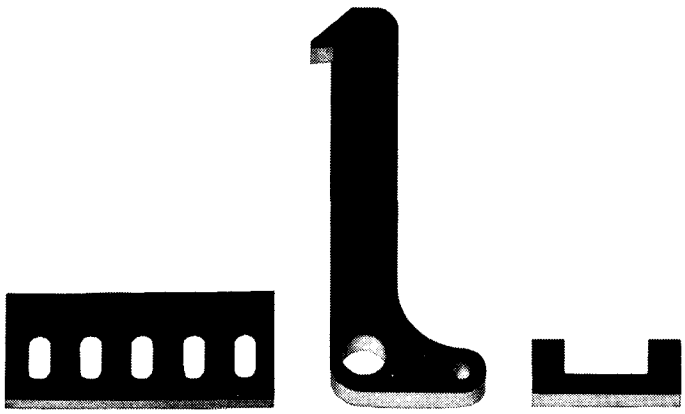
Citation

I have noted with considerable pleasure the book reviews by Maj. Gen. Thomas Lane. I have followed the General's twice-weekly newspaper column for some time and wish to commend NATIONAL REVIEW for its good taste.

Atlanta, Ga. JOHN J. PILGER

Recommended Reading

I should like to commend to your readers' attention the excellent 120-page pamphlet by Phyllis Schlafly, called "A Choice Not An Echo—



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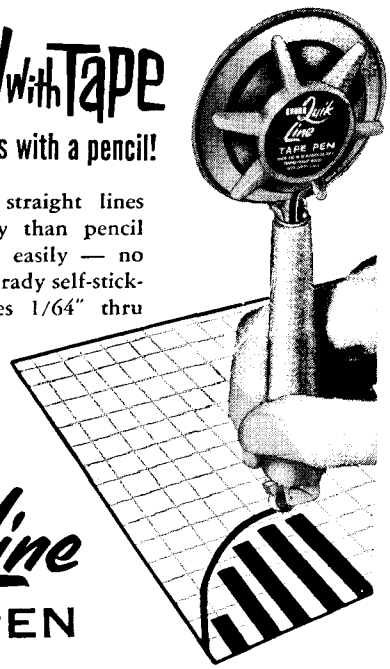

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Washington, D.C. G. FRANKLIN HOBART

Missing Person

¿Dónde está Federico Wilhelmsen?

Menlo Park, Calif. CARLOS LOPEZ

Sigue como profesor en la Universidad de Pamplona, España. —ED.

KENNER

(Continued from p. 405)

skis for the long climb back to the top when number two suddenly appears, tiny and black at the top of the runway, like a pinball awaiting the plunger. And number three. And number four. A very few tumble; two are strapped unconscious to stretchers and borne up to the infirmary on a hand-cranked funicular. At last number 76, an Olympic gold medal winner, Kankkonen, a Finn, equals the course record, 85 meters. The crowd begins to roar. It roars harder for 77, another gold medalist and a Norwegian; he comes inches short.

Round two, same pattern. Round three, same pattern. The low March sun (lat. 60° N.) dips lower; they jump along a blue shadow edging across the run. The light wind flickers, dies, shifts; experienced watchers, with an eye on the flap, gauge the jumpers' efforts to compensate. At last a grinning Kankkonen is being shouldered aloft for the photographers: an 87-meter course record and 234 points which not even the Norwegian runner-up's nearly flawless third jump could quite overtake. A hundred thousand people break in all directions as the loudspeakers recite for a quarter hour the final standings, line by line in Norwegian and English alternately. By tens and fifties chanting and exhilarated groups march back down into Oslo.

The next noon, this rite transacted for the year, scattered pale faces all over the city, at tramstops, on stone steps, in Fornebu and Bygdoeye and among the hideous statues of Frognor Park, are turning for a half hour after the sandwiches in a bleak gesture of still more ancient worship their closed eyes toward the sun.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. City U. S. forces retook in 1945	72 145 29 8 37 88
B. Name of father and son of a famous soldier	6 35 122 23 16 150
C. Naval base, Pacific theater, World War II	13 42 101 27 110 58
D. Mean in spirit	36 69 107 94 171 162
E. World War I (See def. K)	61 74 152 95 79 167 5
F. Kind of photograph	77 137 143 43 119 17 102
G. Oriental ruler	148 44 7 78 33 139 164 1
H. Autobiography of famous American (3 wds.)	157 54 172 105 2 140 90
I. One-time conservative candidate for President	168 52 155 138 108 45 130 67 160
J. Eager	49 59 66 15
K. Latter half, name of fighting force, World War I (see def. E)	96 132 113 142 159 170 125 75
L. Predetermined course of events	134 60 76 38 114 154 175
M. Convention addressed by author of quotation used in this puzzle	174 39 55 20 106 126 111 3 63 82
N. A trustee, Americans for Constitutional Action	4 161 89 73 133 48 11 97 151 25
O. A group of officers (military or naval)	9 86 53 10 92
P. Cleared away	21 144 165 123 85
Q. Amusement park, Copenhagen	22 84 64 31 56 81
R. Type of cracker	30 57 112 116 46 12
S. One of the Philippine Islands	109 87 40 80 14 83 91 131 121 103
T. A revolution that occurred in November	117 136 32 18 158 26 124
U. One of the armed services	120 68 169 62
V. High rank in armed forces	129 34 19 135 118 98 70
W. What famous soldier said he would do—and did	146 24 47 163 99 41
X. Type of jacket	149 93 173 50
Y. State of being untrained to withstand hardship	153 127 166 51 141 71 100 156
Z. Insufficient	28 115 65 128 147 104

See page 419 for solution of last issue's Trans-o-Gram.

1 G	2 H	3 M	4 N		5 E	6 B	7 G		8 A	9 O		10 O	11 N	12 R	13 C	14 S
15 J		16 B	17 F	18 T	19 V		20 M	21 P		22 Q	23 B	24 W	25 N	26 T		27 C
28 Z		29 A	30 R		31 Q	32 T	33 G	34 V	35 B		36 D	37 A	38 L	39 M	40 S	41 W
42 C	43 F	44 G	45 I	46 R		47 W	48 N	49 J	50 X		51 Y	52 I		53 O	54 H	55 M
56 Q	57 R		58 C	59 J	60 L	61 E	62 U		63 M	64 Q	65 Z	66 J	67 I	68 U	69 D	70 V
71 Y		72 A	73 N	74 E	75 K	76 L		77 F	78 G		79 E	80 S	81 Q	82 M	83 S	
84 Q	85 P		86 O	87 S		88 A		89 N	90 H	91 S	92 O	93 X		94 D	95 E	96 K
	97 N	98 V	99 W	100Y		101C	102F	103S	104Z		105H	106M	107D	108I	109S	110C
	111M	112R		113K	114L	115Z	116R	117T	118V	119F		120U	121S	122B		123P
124T	125K	126M	127Y	128Z	129V	130I	131S		132K	133N	134L	135V	136T	137F	138I	139G
140H	141Y		142K	143F		144P	145A	146W		147Z	148G	149X	150B	151N		152E
153Y		154L	155I		156Y	157H	158T	159K	160I	161N	162D	163W	164G	165P		166Y
167E	168I		169U	170K	171D	172H	173X	174M	175L							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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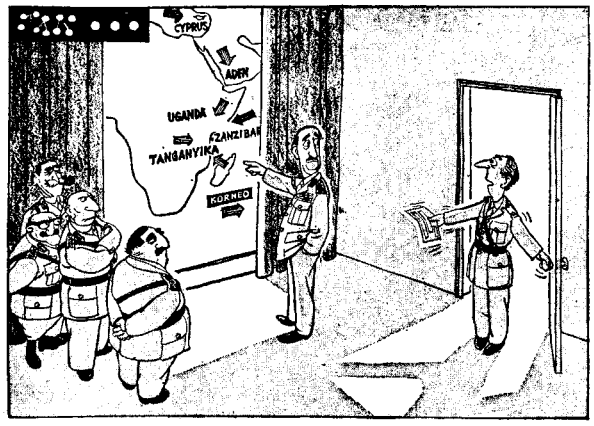
For The Record

The target has been chosen: this summer's civil rights disorders will center on the State of Mississippi. One tip-off (among many other indications): an appeal in the Communist-lining National Guardian for members of the National Lawyers Guild (the organization Herbert Brownell threatened to put on the Attorney General's List) to donate one to three weeks this summer to defending civil rights demonstrators in Mississippi. . . . That gung-ho civil righter, fellow-traveling folksinger Pete Seeger, reportedly getting rave notices in his current tour of Soviet Union. (Wonder if he's intoning a Russian version of his "Freedom Now"?)

Latest titillating political tidbit: the possibility that Robert Kennedy will run for Senate in New York this year against Kenneth Keating. (The law is that a senatorial candidate must be a "resident of the state at the time of his election.") Democratic leaders in New York, who've been scouring highways and byways for a candidate other than Rep. Stratton (who keeps on telling them he's their boy), feel Kennedy is one man who could beat Keating....It was Keating, incidentally, who revealed earlier this month that the U.S. Army had trained a number of Bung Karno's warriors in up-to-date counter-insurgency tactics. . . . Sen. Frank Church (D., Ida.) comments that there are at least thirty men in and around Washington these days who are behaving in exemplary fashion LBJ-wise. They're the thirty hopefuls who believe they have a chance at Veepship. . . . Worth noting: Lodge's backers are deep in the stop-Goldwater drive; not so the supporters of Richard Nixon and Governor William Scranton, or not anyway so's you'd notice.

To the rescue: Inspector Maigret, or at any rate his creator Georges Simenon. Simenon, a one-time resident of the U.S., has gone on air and is writing articles to counter wild-eyed European theories that Pres. Kennedy's assassination was engineered by right-wing extremists. Simenon pooh-poohs suggestions by Thomas Buchanan and others that there has been a conspiracy to obstruct justice in Dallas. "The United States," he says, "is the one country in the world where justice is most likely to be done."

Free China guerrillas reportedly blew up a Hanoi-bound military supply train in Yunnan province in March, in gesture of solidarity with hard-pressed South Vietnam government. Peking has had to strengthen its patrols along Kunming-Hanoi railroad. . . . The Nationalist government on Taiwan last week renamed the Taipei-Keelung road the Gen. Douglas MacArthur Highway.



London Evening Standard

"It's Glasgow now, sir—the Gordon Highlanders are holding their English officers and demanding more money."

Perhaps significant: Dr. Hastings Banda, Prime Minister of Nyasaland, last week became first African leader to visit a Portuguese territory (Mozambique) since the African campaign against the Portuguese colonies opened several years ago. Banda has indicated recently that he is aware of, and fears, Communist attempts to subvert Nyasaland once it attains independence.

Plaintive note from bulletin published by U. S. Army Engineer Center at Fort Belvoir, Va.: "There is a current shortage of enlisted personnel in the Explosive Ordnance Disposal field."

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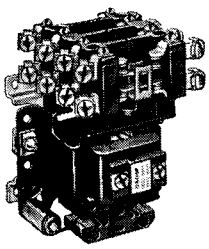
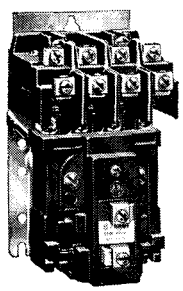
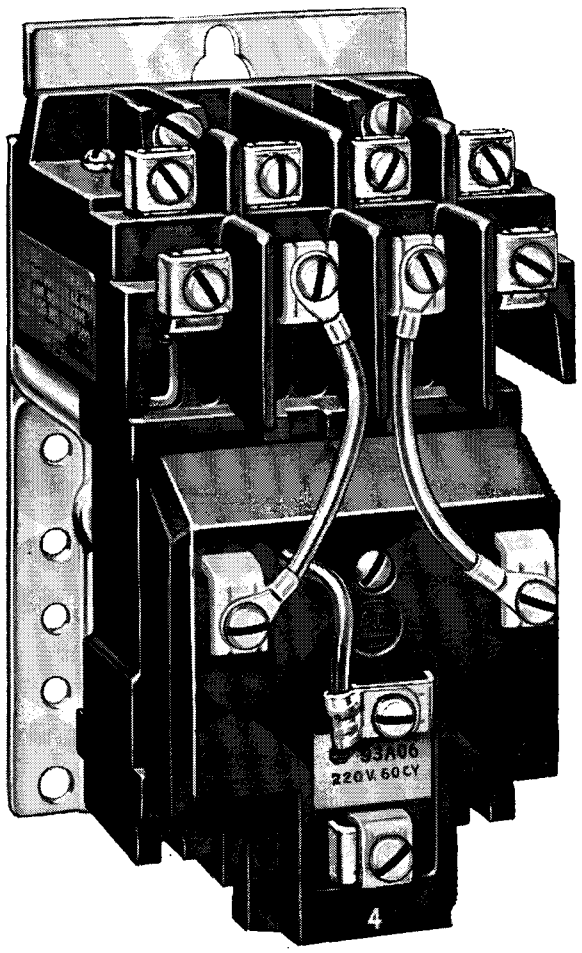


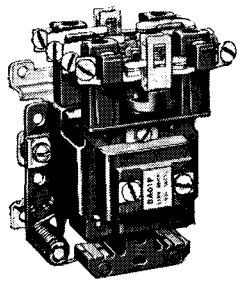
BULLETIN 700 TYPE BX
universal relays have both N.O. and N.C. contacts in 2 and 4-pole construction. Available also in 6 and 8-pole types but these additional poles can be only N.O.



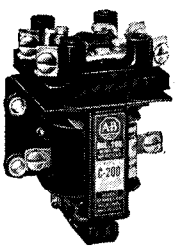
BULLETIN 700 TYPE BR
relays have contacts that are easily changed from N.O. to N.C. (and vice versa) in seconds. Made with from 2 to 8 poles. Good for millions of trouble free operations.



BULLETIN 700 TYPE BRM
permanent magnet latch relay. The detailed description of this relay follows below.



BULLETIN 700 TYPE B
general purpose relay. With from 2 to 4, either N.O. or N.C. poles and a maximum of 8 N.O. poles.



BULLETIN 700 TYPE C
compact general purpose relay for lower inrush and sealed currents. Available in 2 and 4-pole construction with various N.O. and N.C. contact combinations.

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"To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—
This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old days are done;
But the Law runs true, O little son!"

—Charles T. Davis

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